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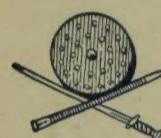
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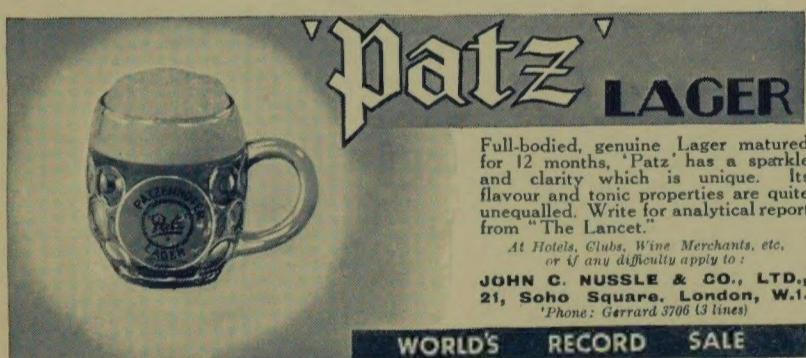
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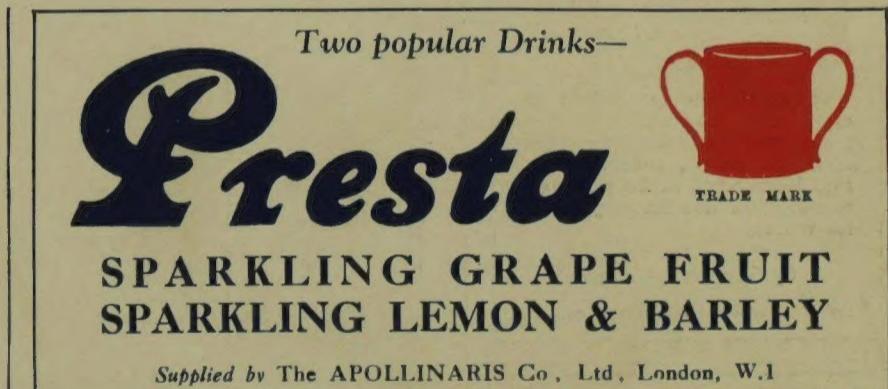
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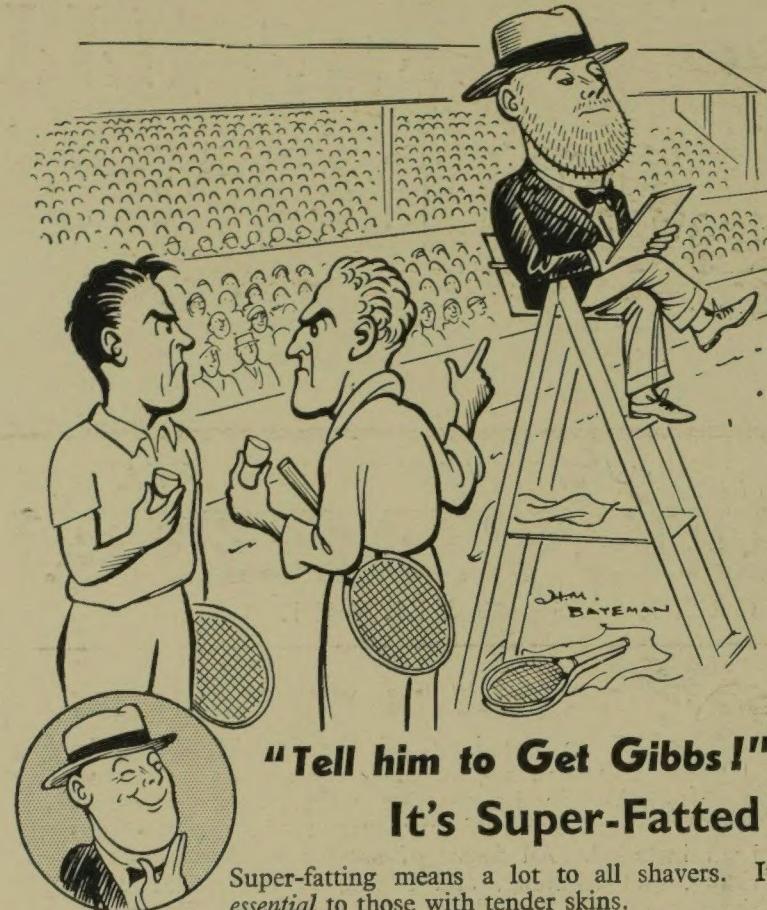
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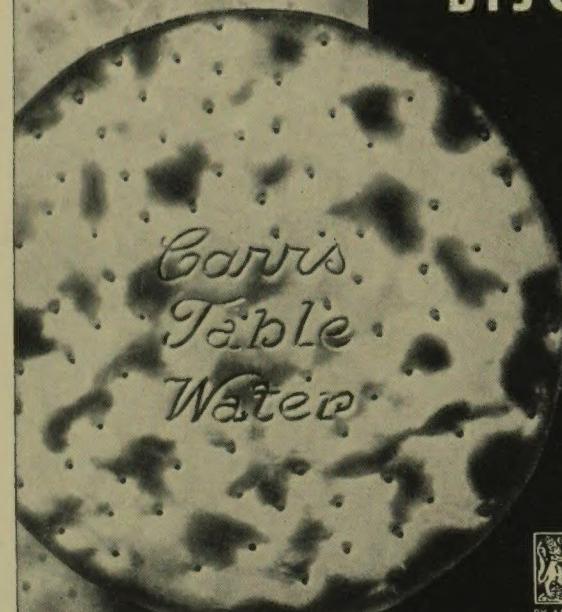
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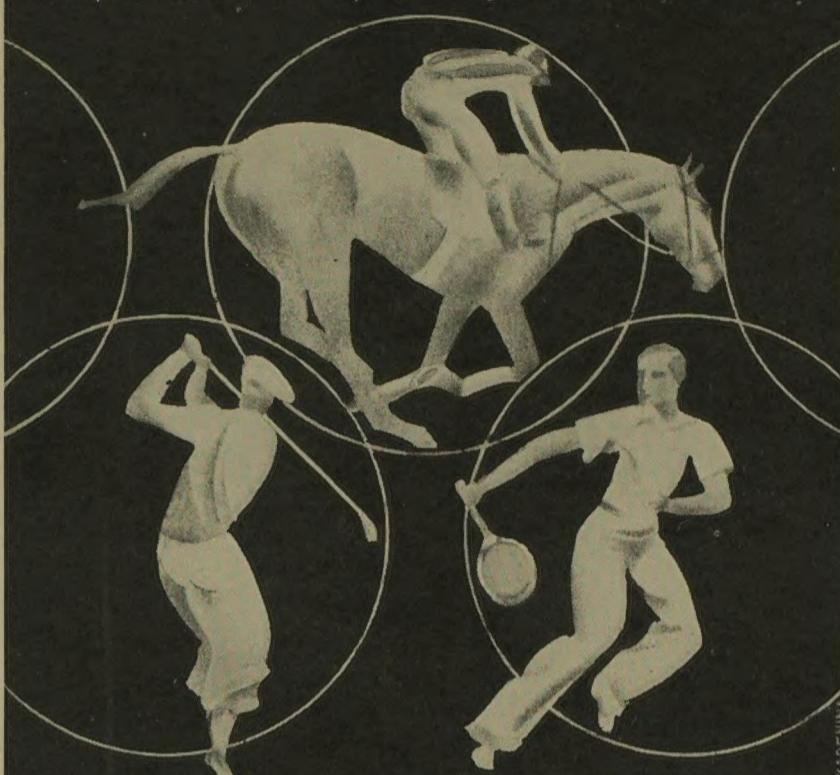
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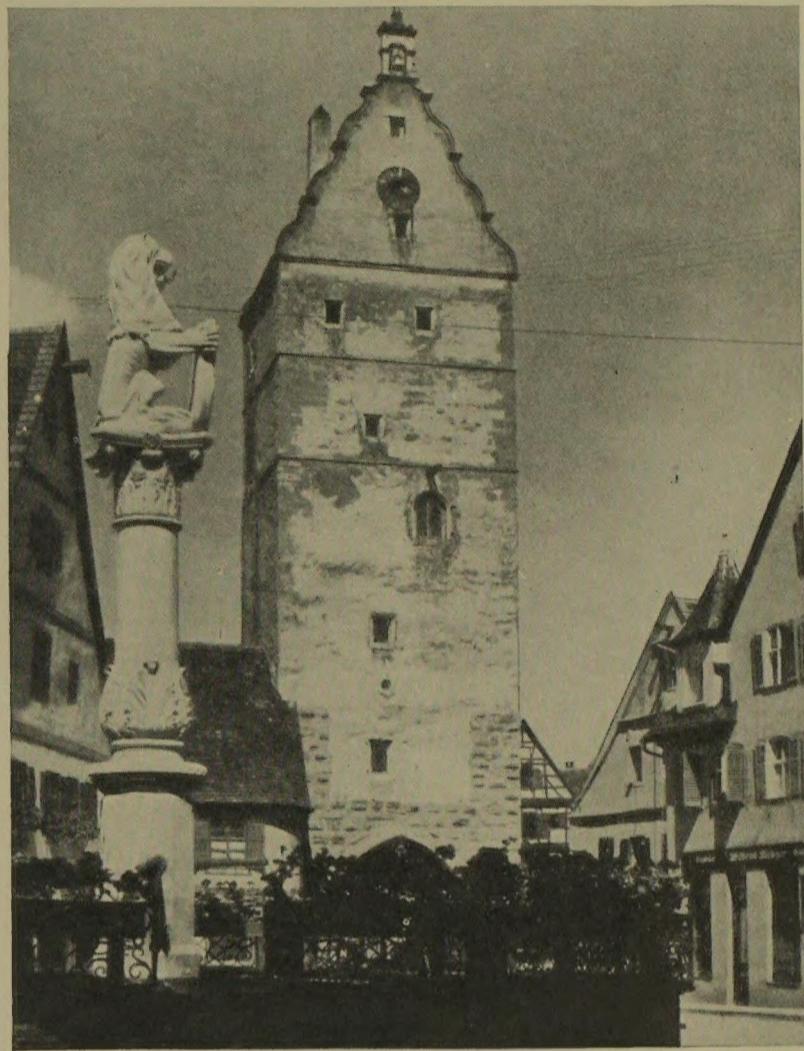
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Extract from 'Lancet' report
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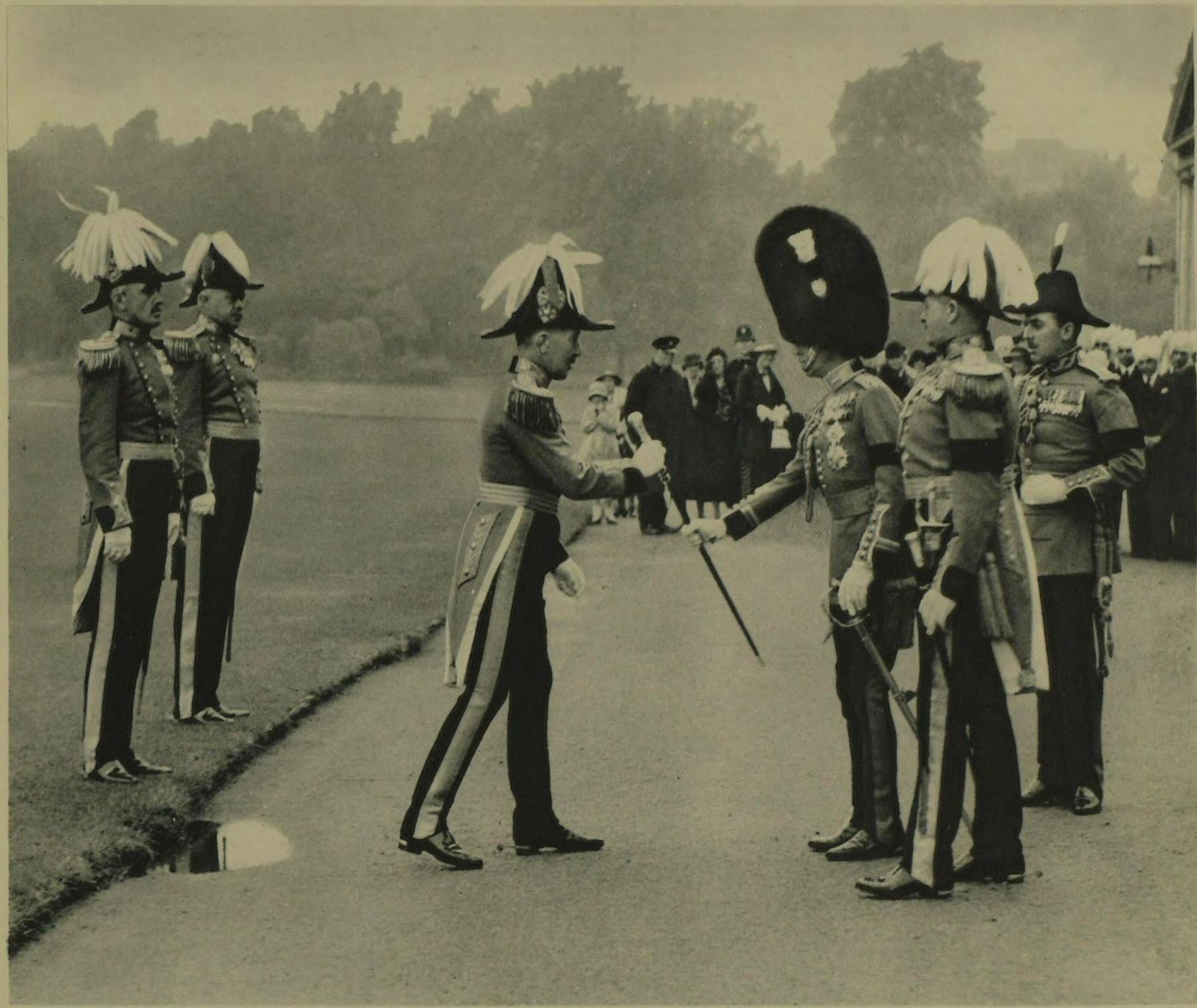
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SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1936.



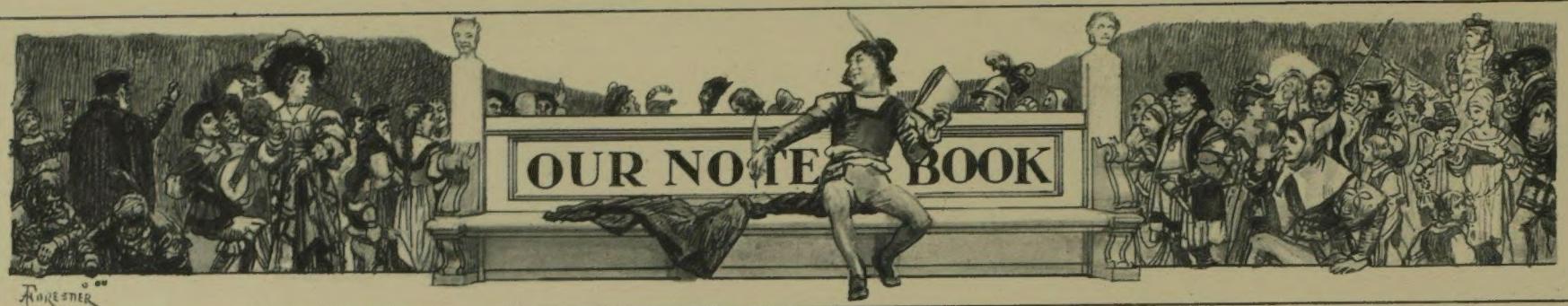
THE KING INSPECTS THE YEOmen OF THE GUARD: HIS MAJESTY PRESENTING THE OFFICERS OF THE CORPS WITH EBONY STICKS AS TOKENS OF THEIR RANK—SHOWING (IN THE RIGHT BACKGROUND) MEMBERS OF THE ALL-INDIA CRICKET TEAM, AFTERWARDS RECEIVED BY THE KING.



THE ROYAL BODYGUARD, FOUNDED BY HENRY VII., WHICH CAN TRACE ITS TRADITION FOR 451 YEARS: THE YEOmen OF THE GUARD CHEERING THE KING (IN FULL-DRESS UNIFORM OF COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE WELSH GUARDS) AFTER THE INSPECTION.

His Majesty inspected the Yeomen of the Guard, at Buckingham Palace, on June 26, and presented to the Captain (Lord Templemore), the Exon, and the other officers black ebony sticks, banded with gold and silver, as tokens of their rank. Addressing the Corps, the King said: "Most of you attended his late Majesty, my father . . . and I would now like to thank you personally for the part you played in all the

ceremonies connected with his Lying-in-State and with his funeral. The Royal Bodyguard can trace its tradition during the 451 years of its existence." Members of the All-India cricket team were afterwards received by the King. Hitherto it has been the rule for Yeomen to be bearded, but since the recent inspection the King has given them permission to remove their beards, if desired.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.*

THE other day I read in the paper an account of what struck me as a very shocking thing. Two English boys disgracefully maltreated a thrush. Being the sons of poor parents, they subsequently were brought before a bench of magistrates. The father of one of the boys had already taken the law into his own hands and given his son a thrashing. In this case, very properly as I think, the magistrates took no further action. The other boy had no father, and it seems that his mother, possibly because she was more in touch with the humanitarian spirit of the age, had refrained from punishing this small specimen of human imperfection. His punishment was, therefore, left to the Bench, who proceeded to impose a fine of half a crown, giving the poor woman, his mother, who has seven other children to support, a fortnight in which to pay.

I have no doubt that there were many extenuating circumstances in the case of which my newspaper told me nothing, and that, in any case, the magistrates acted only as the confused and bewildering modern laws of our country dictate. My quarrel is not with the sentence in this particular case, but with the whole attitude of our age towards acts of cruelty that make such a sentence possible. I am not even concerned with the thrush, who, after all, poor bird, is now dead, and can feel the cruelty of his fellow creatures no more. But I am very much concerned about the boy who was denied the precious and educative experience of feeling at least a measure of the physical pain which he had helped to inflict on a defenceless animal. That boy, who while still untaught was scarcely to be blamed for acting as his baser nature prompted him, has been denied by those older and wiser than himself an essential lesson. Youth has only one real claim on age, but it is a vital one. When Mr. Winston Churchill was a small boy at Harrow, a kind old friend and master of mine was attempting to instruct his first form in mathematics. After struggling for some time with the apparently invincible ignorance of his pupils, he exclaimed indignantly, "What can I do with boys who know nothing?" Quick as lightning came the answer from the future historian of the "World Crisis," "Please, Sir, teach us." It might well have saved both himself and others from much possible future suffering if that unfortunate small boy standing before the kindly magistrates of his native place had had the wisdom to make the same request, and they to grant it.

Physical cruelty is a very unpleasant fact. But it is not to be eliminated, as modern democratic civilisation is apt to assume, by ignoring it. It happens to be one of many vile tendencies inherent in human nature, recurring with the birth of every child of Adam. For though we enter this world trailing clouds of glory, we enter it trailing other and darker clouds as well. Cruelty, like any other natural tendency to vice, can only be repressed by punishment. And the most deterrent form of punishment is that which most nearly brings home the crime to the delinquent. The only way to cure a bully is to give him a hiding. No one gains more by the experience than the bully himself. He becomes

aware of something he had hitherto not suspected—the capacity of human nature for suffering. He starts to sympathise with himself, and, if, like most young bullies, he has the right stuff in him, he ends by sympathising with others. The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom. The fear of the rod is the beginning of humane dealing.

I have just been re-reading a very remarkable book. It is called "Old Oak," and is published by Constable's at 3s. 6d. It was written eighteen years ago by an obscure country parson called Jack Linnell, who was born in 1842 and died in 1919. Its theme is the old rough rural England of the early nineteenth century, that bred the greatest generation of practical philanthropists and Christian gentlemen the world has ever known. It was an age that did not believe in treating children as though they were little saints, who had only to be given what they wanted and freed from all harsh restraint to attain to a state of

"I've never been trodden on when alive, and I prefer not to be trodden on when I'm dead."

In his youth, Parson Linnell, who concludes his book, written in old age, with the second (and rude) verse of the National Anthem—the one on whose proposed omission Queen Victoria commented, "For our part we wish to confound their politics and frustrate their knavish tricks"—appears to have been much of a bully himself. A contemporary of those far-off days recalls him in the phrase: "Thee warn't a bit o' devilry in the county as Jack Linnell warn't at the bottom of." But life and its rough contacts tutored him and Christianity did the rest, though even that came only after a struggle, since for a time he was an agnostic. He entered the Church, and thereafter for over half a century was the vigorous and thrice-armed champion of every Christian and manly virtue against the forces of evil.

"Hard as any 'toad,'" the rough miners of his first Midland parish called him. He loved the old manly English sport of fisticuffs, and was ready to try his strength against any man. In later years, when he was Rector of Pavenham in Bedfordshire, he was attacked while coming home in the early hours of the morning by a couple of roughs who announced their intention of taking his watch. "All right! You take it," he replied, throwing off his coat. And when a few minutes later, beaten to their knees, they called "That's enough, guvnor!" he answered, "No, it isn't," and refused to desist until they had knelt beside him in the road and repeated the Lord's Prayer.

And out of the strength came forth sweetness. Once, walking down a Bedford street, he saw a poor woman and her daughter staggering under a heavy, untidy tin box, bulging with clothes, which they were carrying to the station. Old Linnell thereupon made a dignified retired colonel, who was passing by, help him shoulder the box, and when, as the colonel afterwards related, "we arrived on the platform with the damned box and the women, there, as I feared would be the case, was everyone in the world

I knew; and he didn't seem to mind a bit!" His heart was as tender as his hide was tough. Though never a rich man, it was his practice to keep open house for the poor of his parish, and he would never accept a fee for a funeral or a wedding. He used to say that he had no right to add to the sorrow of mourners or rob the young of what their own improvidence would soon cause them to need.

His educational views were of the rough and ready kind that aims at breeding men by subjecting them to, instead of sheltering them from, the natural climate of this world. "God never meant you to be a fool, man," he used to say to the apostles of the smooth and easy way. He believed in punishment as a necessary means of redemption, and loved it best when it fitted the crime. Once in a crowded railway carriage, a burly butcher threatened with terrible oaths to smash the head and instrument of a puny fellow traveller who was beguiling the journey by playing hymns on a cornet. "Give me the cornet," cried Linnell, and, taking the bully by the neck, played hymn tunes loudly into his ear till his destination was reached. I could not help recalling this glorious fellow when I read of the punishment meted out to the unfortunate boy, or rather to the mother of the boy, who maltreated a thrush.



SELLING THE EQUIPMENT OF KING GEORGE'S RACING CUTTER "BRITANNIA": THE SCENE IN THE MINERVA YARD, EAST COVES, AS THE AUCTION WAS IN PROGRESS.

Some of the equipment of the "Britannia," King George's racing cutter, was sold by auction by Messrs. Marvin and Sons, of Cowes, on June 24. The racing mast went to the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, and the ship's bell, binnacle, and all the most important of the fittings and furniture were sent to Buckingham Palace to be distributed as gifts at the King's discretion. The sale realised nearly £1050. The "Britannia" is to be handed over to the Admiralty and towed to a point south of the Isle of Wight, where she will be sunk. She will probably leave on the spring tide of July 8.

perfect happiness in a kindly and rational world. It was, on the contrary, an age that believed that human beings were born with a curse on them, the curse of original sin; and born, moreover, to bear inevitable pain, suffering, and ceaseless disappointment. But its stern philosophy was lightened by the heartening belief that, through the goodness of God and through his own struggles, man could purge his nature of its baser elements and turn his troubles to glorious gain.

Outside the pages of Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" I doubt if that now outworn philosophy of human life and struggle, as waged in this country, was ever expressed more graphically than in the Rev. J. E. Linnell's brief memoir. Nothing could have been more rough and boisterous than his own youth, spent in the heart of Whittlebury Forest, a district so turbulent and independent that when, not long before his birth, the Government sent down a contingent of Bow Street Runners to arrest the leaders of a poachers' fray, the whole community turned out to resist by force such an intolerable infringement of their independence. Perhaps the best commentary of the spirit of the place was provided by one of Linnell's relatives, who left a sum of money to provide for his grave being covered "for evermore" with stout oak planks studded with pointed spikes, because, as he put it,

* Until a decision has been made as to a successor to the late Mr. G. K. Chesterton as writer of "Our Notebook," Mr. Arthur Bryant has most kindly consented to contribute the feature. Our readers will recall him as the brilliant historian who specialises in the Carolean period, especially in connection with Charles II. and with Pepys.

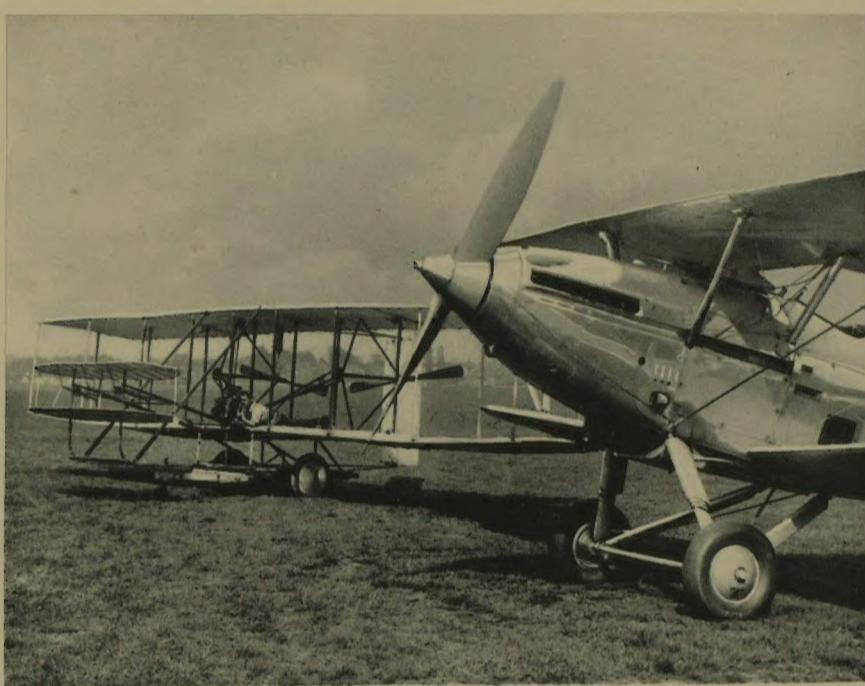
THE ROYAL AIR FORCE DISPLAY, 1936:
A DEMONSTRATION OF POWER AND SKILL THAT ENTHRALLED.



"SHOT DOWN OUT OF CONTROL": PARACHUTE DESCENTS—BY DUMMIES—FROM A "FLAMING" VICKERS VIRGINIA REPRESENTING AN ENEMY BOMBER WHICH HAS BEEN PUT OUT OF ACTION BY FIGHTERS.



WAR: A NORTHLAND BOMBER (A HEYFORD) DURING THE ATTACK ON A SOUTHLAND POWER-STATION WHOSE DESTRUCTION RESULTS IN THE STOPPAGE OF WORK IN A NUMBER OF MUNITION FACTORIES DEPENDENT UPON ELECTRICITY.



A PIONEER AND A TRIUMPH OF MODERN TECHNIQUE: A WRIGHT BIPLANE (1906-10), WITH THE PILOT FLAT ON HIS STOMACH, AND A HART DAY BOMBER.



AIR SKITTLES: LOW-FLYING HANDLEY-PAGE HEYFORD HEAVY BOMBERS KNOCKING DOWN "PINS" DURING THE DEMONSTRATION IN WHICH THE AERODROME REPRESENTED A SKITTLE ALLEY AND THE "BALLS" WERE SMALL BOMBS.

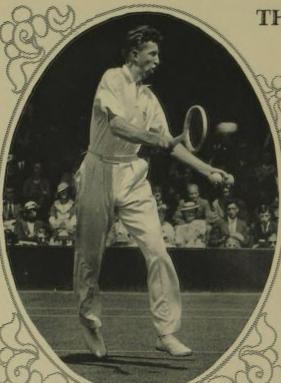


PIONEERS: A SOPWITH TRIPLEX, 1917 (LEFT FOREGROUND); A SOPWITH CAMEL, 1916 (LEFT BACKGROUND); A BLÉRIOT MONOPLANE, TYPE XI., 1909-1911 (RIGHT FOREGROUND); AND THE TAIL OF A CAUDRON BIPLANE, TYPE G.3 (RIGHT BACKGROUND).

The Royal Air Force Air Display at Hendon on June 27 was, to say the least, the equal of its predecessors and drew an enormous crowd. The following notes concern certain of our pictures. In the case of the parachute demonstrations Vickers Virginias represented the enemy bombers, these machines being used for parachute training on account of their particular suitability. In the programme it was stated: "In a strong wind a parachutist is blown over the ground at considerable speed, and his landing may be sufficiently heavy to injure him. If, therefore, the weather conditions are unsatisfactory, dummy parachutists will be

dropped." One of the most interesting events (dealt with also in our issue of June 27) was a fly-past of aircraft past and present. The types in use before and during the Great War which took the air were a Blériot monoplane, Type XI. (1909-11); a Caudron biplane, Type G.3 (1910); a Maurice Farman biplane (1913-14); a Bristol fighter, Type J (1916); a Sopwith triplane (1917); and an S.E.5a. A Sopwith Camel (1916) and a Wright biplane (1906-10) were towed past; and a replica of an Antoinette monoplane (1909-11) was towed past. Radio Telephony from aircraft in flight was an outstanding feature of the proceedings.

THE LAWN TENNIS CHAMPIONSHIPS: THE LAST—
AND SOME OF THE FIRST-MAGNITUDE



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B. M. GRANT (U.S.A.).



W. L. ALLISON (U.S.A.).

AND "SEEDED"—EIGHT IN THE MEN'S SINGLES;
"STARS" AMONG THE WOMEN PLAYERS.



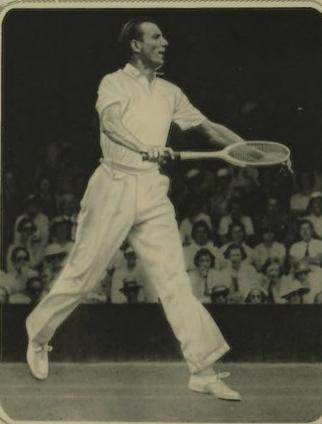
MISS HELEN JACOBS (U.S.A.).



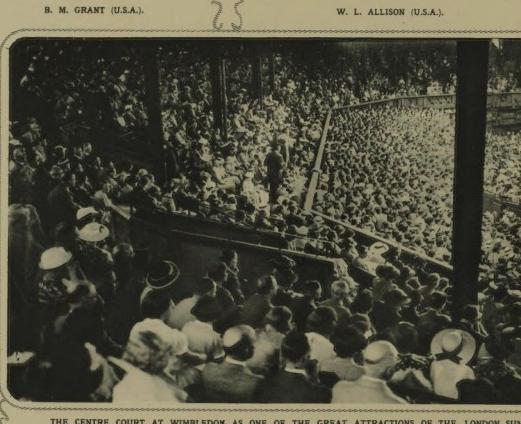
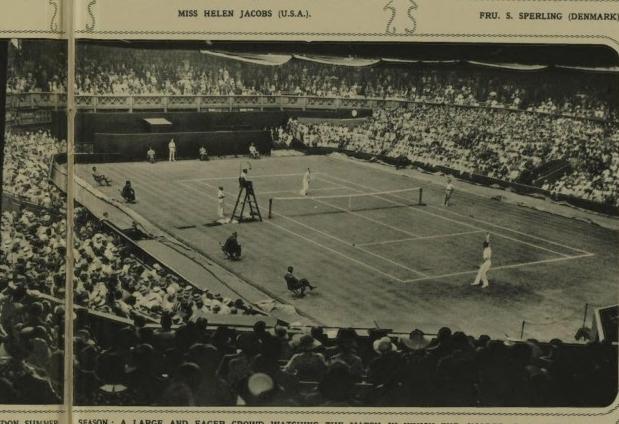
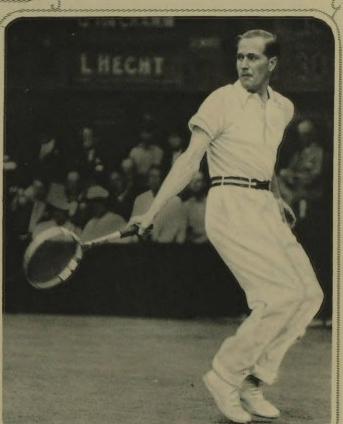
FRØ. S. SPERLING (DENMARK).



MLLE. J. JEDRZEJOWSKA (POLAND).



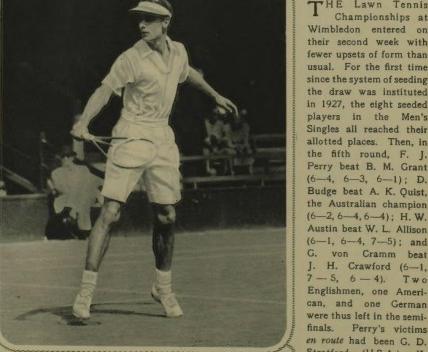
F. J. PERRY (G.B.).

THE CENTRE COURT AT WIMBLEDON AS ONE OF THE GREAT ATTRACTIONS OF THE LONDON SUMMER
(NEARER CAMERA), BEAT THE NEWSEASON: A LARGE AND EAGER CROWD WATCHING THE MATCH IN WHICH THE HOLDER, F. J. PERRY
ZEALAND PLAYER, C. E. MALFRAY,

H. VON CRAMM (GERMANY).



A. K. QUIST (AUSTRALIA).



H. W. AUSTIN (G.B.).

THE Lawn Tennis Championships at Wimbledon entered on their second week with fewer upsets of form than usual. For the first time since the system of seeding the draw was instituted in 1922, all eight seeded players in the Men's Singles all reached their allotted places. Then, in the fifth round, F. J. Perry beat B. M. Grant (6–4, 6–3, 6–1); D. Budge beat A. K. Quist, the Australian champion (6–2, 6–4, 6–4); H. W. Austin beat W. L. Allison (6–1, 6–4, 7–5); and G. von Cramm (Great Britain) beat J. H. Crawford (6–1, 7–5, 6–4). Two Englishmen, one American, and one German were thus left in the semi-finals. Perry's victims en route had been G. D. Stratford (U.S.A.), K. Charikavani (Siam), J. Van Ryn (U.S.A.), and C. E. Malfray (New Zealand), to none of whom did he lose a set. His play appeared to become more and more brilliant as the tournament went on. Grant had a narrow escape against H. Henkel (Germany) in the fifth round, but thereafter his great retrieving powers carried him safely through to a meeting with Perry. In the Women's Singles there were likewise few surprises during the first week; Mrs. M. Fabyan (U.S.A.) being the only seeded player to suffer defeat during the early rounds. Her conqueror, Gräfin Horn (Germany), went on triumphantly to take her place among the last eight. Miss Jacobs, Señorita Lizana, Miss K. Stammers, Mlle. Jedrzejowska (Poland), Mrs. Freda Sperling, and Miss Round, in the order of the draw, were the others who reached that stage.



J. H. CRAWFORD (AUSTRALIA).



MISS DOROTHY ROUND (G.B.).

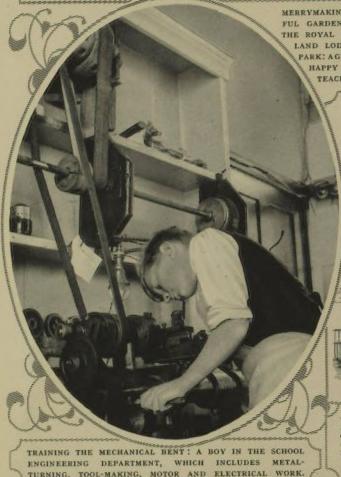


FUTURE ROYAL SERVANTS? QUEEN VICTORIA'S THE ROYAL SCHOOL IN WINDSOR GREAT PARK,



MERRymaking in the DELIGHTFUL GARDENS WHICH SURROUND THE ROYAL SCHOOL AT CUMBERLAND LODGE, WINDSOR GREAT PARK: A GROUP THAT SHOWS THE HAPPY RELATIONS BETWEEN TEACHER AND PUPILS.

A GIRL AT THE SCHOOL ATTENDING TO THE BEAUTIFUL DISPLAY OF FLOWERS IN HER OWN LITTLE GARDEN: AN EXAMPLE OF THE SYSTEM PROVIDING EACH PUPIL WITH A PRIVATE PLOT TO CULTIVATE.



TRAINING THE MECHANICAL BENT: A BOY IN THE SCHOOL ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT, WHICH INCLUDES METAL-TURNING, TOOL-MAKING, MOTOR AND ELECTRICAL WORK.



THE ROYAL SCHOOL SHORTLY AFTER ITS FOUNDATION BY QUEEN VICTORIA: A WOOD-CUT FROM THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" ISSUE FOR DECEMBER 26, 1846



A YOUNG PUPIL BUSILY ENGAGED IN MAKING A HAND-WOVEN WOOLLEN RUG: ONE OF THE PRACTICAL CRAFTS IN WHICH GIRLS RECEIVE VERY USEFUL TRAINING AT THE ROYAL SCHOOL.

The origin of the Royal School, Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Great Park, is recorded in "The Illustrated London News" of December 26, 1846, along with the wood-cut reproduced above. An article in the same number stated: "About two years ago her Majesty [Queen Victoria] expressed great anxiety that some permanent provision should be made for the education of the children belonging to those families in her Majesty's immediate service . . . and the project was instantly carried into effect . . .



SUPERVISING PUPILS AT WORK: THE HEADMASTER OF THE ROYAL SCHOOL, MR. H. I. TANNER, AN EX-OFFICER OF THE ROYAL TANK CORPS, A MOTOR-CYCLE RACER, AN ENTHUSIASTIC MOTORIST, AND A KEEN ENGINEER.

Seventy-five children are now receiving instruction. The Queen and Prince Albert have paid several visits to the Schools since their establishment in July, 1847. The Queen, however, has the greatest personal interest of Queen Mary, who makes frequent informal visits. Her Majesty has a remarkable "way" with children, and an amazing faculty of awakening affectionate response in even the shyest child. She maintains a museum in the School, to which, from time to time, she contributes new exhibits from her private collection. Beautiful gardens surround the building, all the pupils having their own plots, which are tended with the greatest care. The training covers all branches of work necessary for entering the Royal Household, and for responsible positions elsewhere. Engineering studies are pursued with great

FOUNDATION FOR HER SERVANTS' CHILDREN—IN WHICH QUEEN MARY IS DEEPLY INTERESTED.



IN THE SCHOOL MUSEUM MAINTAINED BY QUEEN MARY, THIS PUPIL IS EXHIBITING A PUPIL INTERESTED IN A HERALDIC EXHIBIT.



WITH ALL THE MARKS OF ROYAL GARDENERS: A GROUP OF BOYS IN THE SCHOOL, WORKSMANLIKE IN THEIR EQUIPMENT, GOING TO CONTINUE OPERATIONS ON THEIR OWN PARTICULAR PLOTS OF GROUND.



NINETY YEARS AFTER: THE ROYAL SCHOOL, TO-DAY: THE SAME BUILDING, BUT IN NOTICEABLE CHANGE IN CHILDREN'S DRESS COMPARED WITH THAT OF 1846.



A NEEDLEWORK CLASS, EQUIPPED WITH A SEWING-MACHINE: A FORM OF DOMESTIC TRAINING AT THE ROYAL SCHOOL WHICH ENABLES THE GIRLS WHO SPECIALISE IN IT TO MAKE ALL THEIR OWN DRESSES.

CO-EDUCATION UNDER ROYAL PATRONAGE: A BOY AND A GIRL PUPIL AT WORK TOGETHER IN THE SCHOOL "PICTURE GALLERY" OF ROYALTY, WHERE MANY OF THE PORTRAITS ARE DERIVED FROM NEWSPAPERS AND PERIODICALS.

enthusiasm by the boys under the expert tuition of the Headmaster, Mr. Hubert I. Tanner, a very keen engineer, ex-Royal Tank Corps officer, motor-cycle racer, and enthusiastic motorist. The boys are fully prepared for apprenticeships. Subjects include metal-turning, tool-making, motor and electrical dismantling, repairing and assembling, besides clerical and horticultural work. Many ex-pupils now hold excellent positions in the Civil Service, the Army, Navy, and Air Force, while a great number serve in the royal service. The Royal Gardens, the Forestry Commission, and horticultural research provide opportunities. Girls willing to take up Royal Household service are thoroughly trained in domestic science, so as to enable them to enter the service immediately on leaving. Girls who specialize in needlework make

all their own dresses, and many beautiful rugs have been made on the School hand-loom, which is being used for that purpose in one of our illustrations. On the School walls are signed portraits of members of the Royal Family, which are preserved with great pride by the pupils. One of the scholars possesses as her greatest treasure a snapshot of Queen Mary, whom she photographed standing at the gate of the School on the occasion of one of her Majesty's many visits.




THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

THE PROBLEM OF ANIMAL-DOMESTICATION: VARIETIES OF GEESE.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

SINCE men began with the dog, so long ago as the Stone Age, to bring wild beasts and birds into a state of domestication, it seems strange that so few species have proved amenable to this subjection. The horse, ass, ox,

example, the widgeon; but these others will not prove amenable to domestication. Our geese are the descendants of the wild grey or grey-lag goose (Fig. 1), a species now extinct as a breeding bird in England, but which still nests in Scotland. It is our only indigenous species, though during the winter months several other species come to us. But none of these, in any part of the world, has ever become a "farmyard" bird. In Norfolk and Suffolk, Lincoln and Cambridge, up to 150 years ago "grey-geese" were bred in thousands for the market. And just before Christmas they were driven in vast flocks along the roads to London in charge of a "goose-herd" or "gozzard," keeping up a pace of about a mile an hour for ten hours each day. There were no motor-cars in those days! These poor birds were subjected twice, and sometimes three times a year, to the dreadful ordeal of being plucked alive to furnish feathers for the market. It seems incredible that such barbarities should have been tolerated.

Domestication made but little difference to the coloration of these "grey-geese," but it increased both their egg-producing capacity and their size. In this last particular, however, two varieties derived from

this stock—the Emden and the Toulouse goose—have attained to surprising weights, the gander attaining as much as 30 lb. or over and the goose up to 26 lb. Increased fertility is shown by the fact that the "clutch" of four to six eggs laid by the wild bird has been increased under domestication to thirteen or fifteen in a clutch; and by taking away their eggs they can be induced to go on laying for a fairly long time. Wild birds, however, of many species, do as much when their nests are robbed.

The Emden goose, first raised apparently at Emden, Westphalia, is pure white; the Toulouse goose, on the other hand, more nearly resembles the wild ancestor in coloration. But these two varieties seem to have very largely supplanted the old type of "grey-goose" because of their larger size.

Some geese, at any rate—and by inference, wild geese also—are long-lived birds, and cases have been recorded where full fertility has been maintained for as long as forty years! But ganders seem rarely to be allowed to attain anything like this age. For after a time they grow very irritable and are then troublesome and even dangerous; a blow from the wing of an infuriated gander is to be

avoided. I have been told that it has been known to break a man's leg! Anxious to get a little more information on this aspect of ganders, I wrote to my friend, Miss Maddy, who lives in a neighbourhood where many geese are kept. She not only supplied this but cited a case which occurred last year of a gander which drowned three of his children in their drinking water, holding them down till they were dead! And she added that with her tame ducks the drake would destroy his offspring unless they were wired in! Those who are interested in psychology may profitably pursue this theme.

There is one other goose to be mentioned. And this is the "Chinese goose" (*Cygnopsis cygnoides*) of Central Asia (Fig. 2). How long this bird has been domesticated I cannot discover, but it is sufficiently long ago to have made possible the development of a white variety and to have added a curious and prominent knob to the base of the beak. The wild type—easily domesticated—is often kept with ornamental water-fowl, and some years ago could be seen in our Zoological Gardens, but unfortunately no specimens are to be found there now. Since it is easily reared, and is by far the most prolific member of all the geese—it is said to lay as many as thirty eggs in a clutch and to lay from three to four such clutches in a season!—



FIG. 1. THE ANCESTOR OF OUR GEESE: THE WILD GREY OR GREY-LAG GOOSE, A SPECIES WHICH IS NOW EXTINCT AS A BREEDING BIRD IN ENGLAND, BUT STILL NESTS IN SCOTLAND.

Here is seen a Scots Grey-lag Goose on its nest among heather. The species has apparently not bred in England since early in 1800, though it occasionally visits the East Coast during the winter months. The nest is built of marsh grasses and sphagnum, and lined with down and some feathers.

This species is single-brooded, and the female alone incubates. The eggs hatch in 28 days.

sheep, goat, and pig; fowls, geese, ducks, and pigeons are all descendants of single species of their kind "reclaimed from the wild," yet one would have supposed that there were many other species of their tribe to choose from.

There are two possible explanations of this. In the first place these subjects of early experiment were probably the most common within easy reach of people slowly changing from mere hunters, living from hand to mouth, into pastoralists, and later, settled agriculturists. In the second place, these may have proved the only species amenable to life in captivity, or more so than any others. And this not so much because of a temperamental docility as because of a temperamental *fertility*. Evidence of these distinctions occurs in our Zoological Gardens. There we find species, both of beasts and birds, that will tolerate captivity and even live to a great age, but they will not breed. Others will do so on rare occasions.

There is yet another aspect of this problem of the domestication of animals. It concerns the inexplicable fixity of type which some present; while others seem, so to speak, surprisingly malleable, and these the breeder has always made the most of. The horse presents marked variations only in colour and size, which ranges from that of the "shire horse" to that of the Shetland pony. Cattle, in addition, show very marked differences in the form and size of their horns, while in some breeds these have been eliminated. The same may be said of sheep, but they present a new feature in their woolly fleeces unknown in any wild sheep. But the number of different types of dog that the breeder has brought into being is bewildering. Crossing between the domesticated dog—descended from the wolf—and the jackal may have occurred in the past, and may still occur, but its effect on producing new breeds has been, and is, negligible.

We find the same state of affairs in regard to birds. Our domesticated pigeons, most certainly descended only from the rock-dove, present a surprising range in the matter of size, feathering, and form; and the same is true of our fowls. Ducks and geese have proved more stubborn (or shall we say stable?) than fowls or pigeons; but even these have produced many races or "breeds" widely different from the ancestral species, the wild duck or "mallard" in the one case and the grey-lag goose in the other. Our domesticated ducks will produce fertile hybrids with other and distinct species, as, for

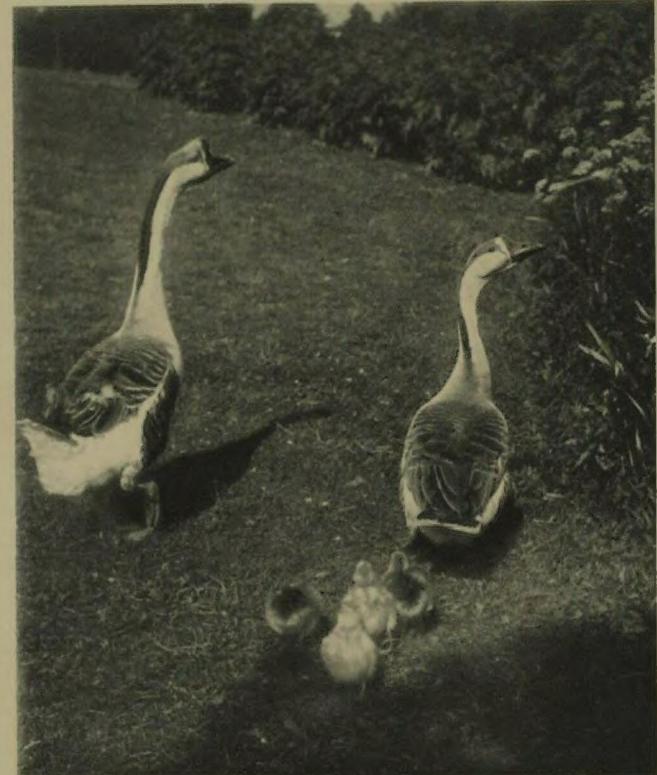


FIG. 2. THE MOST PROLIFIC AND ONE OF THE LARGEST OF LIVING GEESE: THE CHINESE GOOSE, OR SWAN-GOOSE, SAID TO LAY AS MANY AS 30 EGGS IN A CLUTCH, AND 3 OR 4 CLUTCHES IN A SEASON. This species thrives in domestication in Mongolia and south-east Russia. The knob at the base of the beak appears only in the domesticated race derived long since from the wild species. The Chinese Goose is unusually prolific and the flesh equals that of our domesticated bird when cooked. On this account it might profitably be exploited by poultry-farmers.

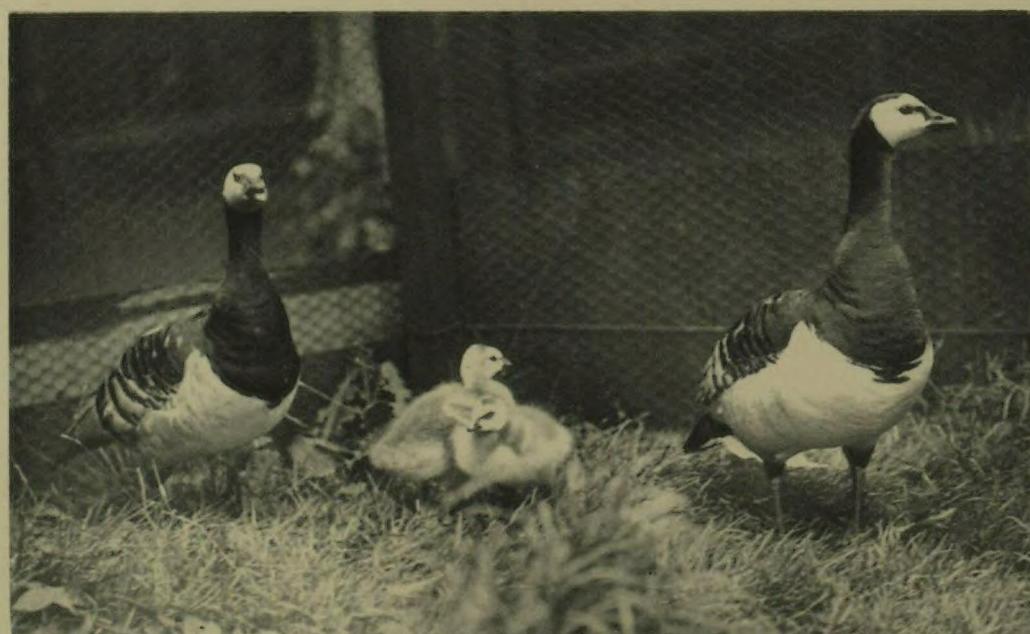


FIG. 3. THE BARNACLE GOOSE, SO NAMED FROM THE OLD BELIEF THAT IT WAS HATCHED FROM BARNACLES ON FLOATING LOGS, AS ITS BREEDING-PLACES WERE THEN UNKNOWN: A PAIR WITH NEWLY-HATCHED YOUNG. John Gerard (1545-1612), in his "Herball" (1597), asserted that the Barnacle Goose was hatched from barnacles attached to logs floating in the sea! Its breeding-place was unknown until a few years ago, when large nesting colonies were found in Spitzbergen and Greenland. It is believed that the Barnacle Goose would respond readily to domestication.

Copyright Photograph by D. Seth-Smith.

it is strange that it has not found favour with poultry-farmers. Moreover, as a table bird it furnishes a most delectable meat.

By way of illustrating what I have said about the curious adaptability of some species to domestication and the conservativeness of others, let me cite as instances the barnacle goose (Fig. 3), and the Canada goose, which for more than two centuries has been kept in collections of "ornamental water-fowl." Both breed freely in semi-captivity. One wonders why no attempt has been made to use them for table purposes. There may be a prejudice against the barnacle goose, since some hold that its flesh is unpalatable; though others describe it as delicious. All depends, really, on what it has been eating. In a wild state it is vegetivorous, but occasionally, and perhaps only at need, shellfish and crustaceans are eaten, and these would give the flesh an unpleasant flavour. But, like some other wild geese, it will come to stubbles when near the sea, and birds which have fed there for a little while would lose this disagreeable flavour. The case calls for experiment.

**PLANTS AS WEIGHT-LIFTERS:
DAME NATURE'S FORCEFUL WAYS.**



GROWING LILIES OF THE VALLEY BREAK THROUGH FIVE SHEETS OF TIN-FOIL.

FEW people, perhaps, realise the great force which germinating seeds and seedlings can develop when the process of germination starts; but the accompanying photographs make this very apparent. When it is desired to separate an adult, or nearly adult, skull into the different parts of which it is made up—as, say, in the case of a human skull—there is no better way of doing this, without fracturing its several parts, than to pack it tightly with dried peas and place it under water. As the peas swell they slowly force the bones apart at their sutures, or "joints,"



IN GROWING, SEEDLINGS LIFT A WEIGHT-BURDENED GLASS PLATE AND THROW IT ASIDE.

**EXPERIMENTS IN RESISTANCE
AND THE STRENGTH OF SEEDLINGS.**



SWELLING PEAS BREAK OPEN THICK GLASS BOTTLES: ANOTHER EXPERIMENT FILMED.

which interlock like teeth. Gradually, in the course of a few hours, the interlocking joints are separated, and the skull falls into its several elements undamaged. This experiment is even more striking than that of bursting glass bottles by the expanding peas. The driving-force of the growing shoots is no less astonishing. It is shown in the photograph in which they are seen lifting a weighted glass plate, and forcing a passage through tin-foil. Yet in spite of this unrelenting force, neither the seed-coats nor these growing shoots have been damaged!

THE COURTSHIP DISPLAYS OF BIRDS OF PARADISE: ILLUSTRATING THE STRANGE ANTICS PERFORMED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY EDWARD R. OSTERDORFF, OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHER



THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY'S BIRD OF PARADISE: THE FIRST STAGE OF THE COURTSHIP DISPLAY, DURING WHICH THE BIRD JUMPS RAPIDLY FROM ONE PERCH TO ANOTHER, OPENING AND CLOSING ITS WINGS.



HANGING SUSPENDED IN THE SECOND STAGE OF ITS DISPLAY: THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY'S BIRD OF PARADISE—ONE OF THE ONLY TWO SPECIES OF PLUMED BIRDS OF PARADISE KNOWN TO ASSUME A POSITION UPSIDE DOWN.



THE LESSER BIRD OF PARADISE IN THE FIRST STAGE OF ITS DISPLAY: A SPECIES RESEMBLING THE GREATER BIRD OF PARADISE, EXCEPT THAT ITS PLUMES ARE TIPPED WITH WHITE INSTEAD OF BROWN AND ITS BACK IS GOLDEN.



A VERITABLE "CASCADE OF GOLD": A REAR VIEW OF THE FIRST STAGE IN THE COURTSHIP DISPLAY BY THE LESSER BIRD OF PARADISE—SEEN FROM ANOTHER ANGLE IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION (TO THE LEFT).



COUNT SALVADORI'S BIRD OF PARADISE: THE FIRST STAGE OF ITS DISPLAY, MARKED BY FRENZIED ACTION, THE BIRD RUNNING QUICKLY ALONG ITS PERCH AND WHIRLING ITS DARK-RED PLUMES, WHILE GIVING A RAPID SERIES OF LOUD CALLS.



THE SECOND STAGE OF THE DISPLAY BY COUNT SALVADORI'S BIRD OF PARADISE: CALMING ITS INITIAL FRENZY, THE BIRD TURNS ROUND AND HOPS STIFF-LEGGED ALONG THE PERCH WITH ITS PLUMES SPREAD MORE SEDATELY.

by me at the New York Zoological Park. As far as is known, these photographs are the only ones of their kind in existence. Elaborate preparations were made. One of the bird enclosures was remodeled by replacing wire mesh in front with clear plate glass. A large movable photographic blind, like a film director's booth, was then placed before the glass-fronted cage. A five-by-seven speedgraphic camera synchronized to penta flash bulbs completed the arrangements. The Greater Bird of Paradise is the most friendly. He shows little fear and seems to enjoy human society. All that is necessary to start him on his spectacular display dance is for the Head Bird Keeper to sing a

A UNIQUE SERIES OF PHOTOGRAPHIC RECORDS BY BIRDS UNRIVALLED FOR SPLENDID PLUMAGE.

TO THE NEW YORK ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY. (COPYRIGHT RESERVED.)



THE THIRD STAGE OF THE DISPLAY BY THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY'S BIRD OF PARADISE: VIOLENT MOTION OF THE PLUMES DIFFICULT TO ARREST BY THE CAMERA—THE HEAD AND BEAK SEEN JUST ABOVE THE WHITE NECK.



PRINCE RUDOLPH'S BLUE BIRD OF PARADISE, THE OTHER SPECIES WHICH DISPLAYS UPSIDE-DOWN, LIKE THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY'S VARIETY, AS SHOWN IN TWO PRECEDING ILLUSTRATIONS TO THE LEFT.



THE GREATER BIRD OF PARADISE IN THE FIRST STAGE OF ITS DISPLAY: THE TYPICAL SPECIES (WHOSE PLUMES WERE ONCE WORN AS HAT-ORNAMENTS UNTIL MADE ILLEGAL) PROVIDED WITH A SANCTUARY ON "INGRAM ISLAND."



THE SECOND AND FINAL STAGE OF DISPLAY BY THE GREATER BIRD OF PARADISE: BODY PARALLEL TO THE PERCH, WITH PLUMES AND WINGS SPREAD TO THEIR FULLEST, WHILE SOMETIMES THE BIRD HOPS ALONG UTTERING A PECULIAR NOTE.



THE THIRD STAGE OF THE DISPLAY BY COUNT SALVADORI'S BIRD OF PARADISE: WITH ITS GLOWING RED PLUMES HIGH-ARCHED, THE BIRD SPREADS ITS WINGS WIDELY, HOLDING ITS BODY RIGIDLY HORIZONTAL, BUT STILL HOPPING SLOWLY.



THE CLIMAX OF THE COUNT SALVADORI SPECIES DISPLAY: THE BIRD ABSURDLY TILTS FORWARD ALMOST PERPENDICULARLY, REMAINS IMMOBILE SEVERAL SECONDS WITH WINGS FULL-SPREAD AND PLUMES UPRIGHT—THEN SUDDENLY STARTS AGAIN.

short chanty beginning, 'Hippity, hop, hippity hop . . .' Then he performs with a will. When crowds gather he seems flattered. The Lesser Bird of Paradise, on the other hand, seems entirely indifferent to crowds. He lives by routine as do most of these beautiful birds. His regular hours for display are between 8 a.m. and 12.30 p.m., and again between 4 and 6 p.m. The Emperor's Bird of Paradise was a shy at first that the photographer had to operate by 'remote control.' But gradually he became bolder. Another very timid bird is the Emperor of Germany's Bird of Paradise. He confines his display to late afternoons on bright days, when he vigorously unfolds his gorgeous plumage,

hanging head downward. He, too, is losing his timidity! The most fearless is the Prince Rudolph's Blue Bird of Paradise! Like the Emperor of Germany's species, he hangs head downward. Singing in a low grating voice, he disregards photographer and crowds. His photograph was taken before the glass-fronted cage was available. Hence the wire mesh appears. The courtship display of the Greater Bird of Paradise is as 'set' as the old-fashioned square dance. There is an unvarying course of two or more spectacular poses. Six birds were photographed in characteristic display poses. Neither photography nor the printed word can do justice to the dazzling beauty of these displays."

THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF THE STATUE OF LIBERTY: THE

FIFTIETH "BIRTHDAY" OF NEW YORK'S COLOSSAL MONUMENT.



THE TORCH OF LIBERTY—INSIDE WHICH THERE IS ROOM FOR TWELVE PEOPLE TO STAND; THE TALLEST POINT OF NEW YORK HARBOUR'S FAMOUS STATUE, RISING MORE THAN 300 FEET ABOVE THE LEVEL OF THE WATER.

ELABORATE preparations are being made in New York for celebrating the Golden Jubilee of the Statue of Liberty on October 28. The principal feature of the celebrations will be a repetition, at the Statue, of the original unveiling ceremony of 1886; the President, possibly, taking part. In addition, a national poetry contest is being sponsored by the National Life Conservation Society, open to everyone regardless of race. The Statue of Liberty, standing over 300 feet high on Bedloe's Island, at the entrance to New York Harbour, was a gift from the peoples of France to the United States to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of

[Continued below on right.]



LOOKING OUT FROM THE STATUE OF LIBERTY'S HEAD, INSIDE WHICH THERE IS ROOM FOR FORTY PEOPLE: SIGHTSEERS ADMIRE THE MAGNIFICENT VIEW.



SOFT PLEATS OF THE STATUE'S DRAPERY, SEEN FROM THE INSIDE: BRONZE FOLDS, THREE-SIXTEENTHS OF AN INCH THICK; SHOWING HOW THE MOULDED PLATES ARE FIRMLY RIVETED TOGETHER.

American Independence. It was the work of the French sculptor Frédéric Auguste Bartholdi, who conceived the statue as an ideal representation of "Liberty enlightening the world," and worked for ten years on its creation. It is still the largest statue of its kind in existence, weighing 450,000 lb. The figure of Liberty is cast in bronze, three-quarters of an inch thick, and weighs 200,000 lb. The right arm alone measures 42 feet; the hand is 8 inches; the index finger 8 feet; and the finger-nail is 13 inches long. The forearm of the statue was shipped across from France in 1876, in time for the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. The rest followed in June 1885, and the formal unveiling was performed on October 28, 1886. In October 1931, Mlle. José Laval, daughter of M. Laval, then the French Foreign Minister, inaugurated the new illuminating system of the statue. The torch now blazes with fourteen powerful lamps inside, and 100 reflectors cast their light on the figure.

INSIDE THE TORCH: A STEEL LADDER, WITH FIFTY-SIX RUNGS, LEADING UP THE RIGHT ARM AND TORCH OF THE STATUE; THE ARM ALONE BEING FORTY-TWO FEET LONG AND HAVING A DIAMETER OF TWELVE FEET.



THE STATUE OF LIBERTY—THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF WHOSE UNVEILING IS TO BE CELEBRATED SOON: A GIGANTIC FIGURE IN BRONZE, 305 FEET 6 INCHES HIGH FROM FOUNDATION TO TORCH—PRESENTED BY FRANCE TO THE UNITED STATES TO COMMEMORATE THE CENTENARY OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE.

RED, WHITE, AND YELLOW.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF
"THE NEW MONGOLIA": By LADISLAUS FORBATH.*

(PUBLISHED BY HEINEMANN.)

AMID all the agitations of the post-war world, the chequered experiences of Mongolia have escaped the attention of most Westerners. We think of this mysterious land as belonging to another age, and it is a surprise to most of us to learn from Mr. Geleta's unusual and informative volume that Urga (or, as it is now called, Ulan Bator Choto), the capital, to-day abounds in all the evidences of modernity, not excluding passenger aeroplanes, motor-coaches and omnibuses, cinemas, theatres, every electrical device, and a well-organised system of education and administration. The contrasts of ancient and modern are highly picturesque. "Pious pilgrims who crawl to the monasteries on their bellies return home of an evening and turn on the electric light. In one wing of the public hospital in Urga, which is equipped with all the latest medical appliances, the lama doctors still continue to treat the sick with magic and herbs."

It is equally difficult to think of Mongolia as being among the modern "democratic" countries; but such is the fact, at least in theory, for to-day Mongolia has a Parliament of her own and a constitution apparently designed on admirably simple and sensible lines, which some European countries might well envy. Mr. Geleta does not inform us how far the system of government is really effective among a community of which about a third still consists of lamas, and most of the remainder of nomads scattered over a vast area. What is certain is that the prevailing influence is now Russian and Bolshevik. Such stability as the country possesses was reached after it had passed through four tempestuous years during which she was the *corpus vile* of a number of voracious, competing powers and factions. Between 1920 and 1924,

warring elements the unhappy Mongolians suffered untold barbarities. In 1922 the traditional ruler of the country, the Grand Lama, was, with the utmost politeness and ceremony, deposed—at all events, from his temporal power, though in his spiritual capacity as *Bogdo Gegen* he remained the supreme religious head of the country until his death in 1924. The Government then conveniently found in holy texts that the incarnations of the

Mongolia's first Parliament House, which was ingeniously combined with a theatre! Mr. Geleta may therefore justly claim to have had a large share in the development of the New Mongolia, and he might have remained indefinitely in the country as an important influence in an exceedingly interesting experiment. Nostalgia seized him, however, and in 1929 he began the final stage of the homeward journey, which had been delayed for nearly a decade. As a fitting end to his Odyssey, he crossed the Gobi Desert in a motor-car carrying fifteen passengers and mountains of miscellaneous baggage. Despite such mishaps as a broken axle (which was scarcely surprising), the journey was successfully accomplished, and the author gives a vivid account of the fearsome yet fascinating Gobi expanse. Thus at length the wanderer returned home to Hungary, or "to that part of it which the Treaty of Trianon has left."

Very few

living Europeans can have seen as many aspects of Mongolian life as our author had the opportunity of observing during his long exile. There is enough material in his book for several volumes, and much of what he has to tell is in a somewhat staccato mode; however, distinction of form is not to be expected in a book which has been compiled by a collaborator from notes and impressions, and has then suffered the further dilution of translation. Despite this handicap, we get a series of arresting impressions of a land full of surprises and paradoxes and pageantry. The general aspect of Vangin-Chure, as Mr. Geleta first saw it, is typical of the Mongolian scene: "The houses were made of timber, with the window-frames everywhere painted red. But there was no glass in the windows, only white paper or linen. The roofs curled back at the corners after the Chinese style, and were hung with gilt balls, cones, and bells. There were countless coloured silk banners waving from the roofs, painted with fantastic images of various deities and inscribed with Mongolian, Chinese, and Tibetan prayers. The large, elaborately carved red gates were flanked on both sides by a fence constructed from sharply-pointed stakes. Each house had several courtyards, occupied by small red-painted outhouses and white Mongol tents. . . . Gleaming whitely in the distance beyond the town was the palace of the Duke of Vankurini, a building

(Continued on page 42.)



IN THE CHOIZI LAMA CHURE MONASTERY IN URGA, THE MONGOLIAN CAPITAL; NOW ULAN BATOR CHOTO—THE TOWN OF THE RED HEROES: THE GILDED MUMMY OF THE LAST BOODO GEGEN IN THE TEMPLE.

"The Choizi Lama Chure is noted for the fact that the gilt body of the last *Bogdo Gegen* is enthroned in its temple. The *Bogdo* sits in a glass cabinet decorated with gold mouldings, with his eyes open and a fixed smile on his face. In front of the cabinet there are valuable religious objects and censers in which incense is burned day and night." Before the advent of the National Government, the *Bogdo Gegen* was Mongolia's spiritual and temporal ruler. As temporal head he was known as *Bogdo Khan*. The last *Bogdo Gegen* died in May 1924.

Reproductions from "The New Mongolia," by Courtesy of the Author and of the Publishers, Messrs. William Heinemann.

the whole land was a prey to the White Russians under the ruthless adventurer Ungern-Sternberg, to the Reds, and to the Chinese; while in the background were Tibet and Japan, both of whom had political and economic interests in Mongolia. A separate campaign, directed against all authority and government, was at the same time being conducted by the fanatic Dja Lama, of whose hypnotic powers Mr. Geleta has many remarkable stories to tell; he successfully defied all attempts to subjugate him, until the head of the Mongolian State Police, with his own hand, killed him in his sleep. Amid all these

* "The New Mongolia." By Ladislaus Forbath; as Related by Joseph Geleta. Translated from the Hungarian by Lawrence Wolfe. Illustrated. (William Heinemann; 15s.)



THE CAM, ONE OF THE GREATEST RELIGIOUS AND POPULAR FESTIVALS: THE "DEVIL" AND "OLD MAN" GAME.

"The Old Man (the bearded lama) is pursued by the Devil; and then dashes to a carpet spread in the middle of the square and tries to sit down on it. The Devil, bounding after him, snatches the carpet away. This goes on until, at last, the Old Man outwits the Devil and sits firmly on the carpet. This done, he looks round triumphantly and the crowd duly applauds, somewhat like a football crowd after the first goal."

Bogdo were exhausted; and the office of Grand Lama thus came to an end, probably to the general advantage. In the same year, 1924, the first Mongolian Parliament was assembled, and the independence of the country was, in theory, complete, though actually it had passed only from one form of Russian domination to another.

Of many of these events Mr. Geleta was an eye-witness, and, by turns of fortune, a victim and a beneficiary. He was, for example, in Urga when Ungern-Sternberg's first attack on the city was repulsed by the Chinese, and only by a lucky chance did he escape the Baron's second and successful attack on the capital. He paints a harrowing picture of the White Russians' depredations and of Ungern-Sternberg's atrocities. These were only a few of the perils which Mr. Geleta survived; for nine years he lived a life of extraordinary vicissitudes in this troubled land. A prisoner of war, he escaped from Russia into Mongolia with the intention of making the hazardous journey eastwards to China and thence by sea to his native country, Hungary. Not without great difficulty (for he was constantly suspected of being a Russian agent), he managed to obtain permits and passports which enabled him to travel with the *urton*, or official passenger and postal service of horses and camels. Doubly protected by official sanction and by the scrupulous laws of Mongolian hospitality, he arrived by devious ways, and after much hard going, at Urga, in the circumstances which have been already mentioned. Here his training as an engineer enabled him to turn his hand to original pursuits, and after a successful venture in the manufacture of sausages, he changed his wares for improvised bombs, with

which the defenders of Urga mined the surrounding roads! Later, he turned his talents to smuggling, and, while so engaged, he met and married a Russian girl at Troiskosavsk. Next he became a fur-trader at Belchir, and finally found profitable employment under the new Government at Urga. He was commissioned to build new power works in the capital, which he did within a remarkably short time; and this led to other commissions for public buildings and works, the most important being



IN THE TEMPLE OF THE GANDEN, A VAST MONASTERY CITY ON A MOUNTAIN TO THE WEST OF URGA: THE HEAD OF THE NINETY-FOOT STATUE OF MAIDERI, THE MESSIAH TO COME.

"The temple's treasures include the ninety-foot statue of Maideri, the Messiah to come, resting on a colossal lotus flower. The statue is gilt all over, but the people believe that it is of solid gold and that the lamas only gave out that it was gold-plated for fear of a foreign tribe invading the country, for the sake of the fabulous value of the statue."

A TRAIN DERAILED IN PALESTINE:

A LAWLESS ACT THAT CAUSED
THE EXTENSION OF CURFEW.



A TRAIN DERAILED BY ARABS ON THE JERUSALEM-JAFFA LINE: THE ENGINE AND TRUCKS LYING IN WRECKAGE.

THE Arab campaign of lawlessness in Palestine has been specially directed during recent weeks against trains and railway lines. To counter this, it was decided on June 26 to extend the curfew regulations so as to cover more than 500 yards on either side of almost all the railway lines of the country. Towns and villages were excluded from the operation of the order except Lydda, where there is an important junction on the Jerusalem-Jaffa line. A serious outrage occurred on this line during the night of June 18-19, when unknown Arabs unscrewed and removed one of the rails. A train running from Jaffa was derailed, the engine, followed by eight wagons, crashing on its side. The damage was estimated at £P6000. On June 22 a British detachment was engaged when a train which it was escorting was stopped by boulders on the line between Deir esh Sheikh and Artuf and was attacked by Arabs with rifles, shot-gun fire and bombs. On the previous day a fight lasting several hours was fought near Tulkarm between armed Arabs and men of the Seaforth Highlanders and Royal Scots Fusiliers. A

[Continued below.]



THE ENGINE OF THE DERAILED TRAIN SEEN FROM BELOW: A CONFUSED PILE OF WRECKAGE LITTERING THE LINE.



THE DERAILED ENGINE LYING ON ITS SIDE AFTER THE CRASH, WHICH WAS CAUSED BY THE REMOVAL OF A RAIL BY ARMED ARABS: THE JERUSALEM-JAFFA LINE BLOCKED BY THE WRECKAGE OF THE ENGINE AND EIGHT WAGGONS.



COUNTERING THE ARAB CAMPAIGN AGAINST THE RAILWAY LINES OF PALESTINE: A SQUAD OF WORKMEN REPAIRING A DAMAGED TRACK NEAR RAMLEH AFTER IT HAD BEEN TAMPERED WITH.

Continued.

British sergeant and private and ten Arabs were killed. Four aeroplanes co-operated with the troops. Nevertheless, it was hoped that the ruthlessness with which terrorists are being hunted down would before long end the guerrilla warfare



A MILITARY RAILWAY TROLLEY SUCH AS IS BEING USED IN PALESTINE TO CONVOY PASSENGER TRAINS DURING THE DISORDERS: AN "ADVANCE GUARD" TO TEST THE LINE FOR POSSIBLE DAMAGE.

campaign in Palestine. Effective military action undertaken by the authorities has already begun to yield good results by confining the sphere of lawlessness to the countryside. The situation in Jaffa has improved considerably.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

ON calculating the date, it occurred to me—as it has probably occurred to someone else before (*per cent qui ante nos nostra dixerunt!*)—that the present season of summer holidays, which gives us toiling millions a temporary glimpse of freedom, has been rather specially associated with historic movements towards political liberty. Magna Carta, having been signed in June, is at the moment a back number in topicality from a journalistic point of view, while the French *Quatorze Juillet* is ten days ahead; but, as all the world knows, this very day in the United States is celebrated the Declaration of Independence made on July 4, 1776.

I therefore open the proceedings with "THE AMERICAN IDEAL." By Arthur Bryant, author of "King Charles II.", "Samuel Pepys," "The National Character," and "George V." (Longmans; 10s. 6d.). This opportune work, written with the author's customary charm and distinction, embodies the Watson Foundation Lectures he gave last autumn for the Sulgrave Manor Board. "I have expanded and recast them," he writes, "to meet the requirements of prose." Are we to understand from this, by the way, that the original lectures were delivered in verse, or that, alternatively, Molière's *bourgeois* gentleman was misinformed when he learnt, to his surprise, that he had been talking prose, without knowing it, for more than forty years? Howsoever such things be, we have, in Mr. Bryant's admirable work, a welcome effort to fill some of the glaring gaps in the average Briton's knowledge regarding American history and the American outlook on the world.

Mr. Bryant modestly disclaims originality, and that may be so as far as historical facts are concerned, but a writer can be original in selecting and condensing facts compiled by others, as well as in his purpose and his manner of stating them. Such originality certainly belongs to the present volume. Explaining his aim, the author says: "The best clue to a people's character is its own past. I have therefore told as simply as possible the lives of eight men . . . who, in their different ways, have illustrated aspects of American life and thought. . . . All had something in common—an ideal which is the unifying theme of this book and which Mr. James Truslow Adams, in his 'Epic of America,' has called the 'American Dream.' I believe that, for all America's outward appearance of materialism and 'big business,' this ideal provides the best explanation of her history, and, perhaps, despite all the vast changes of the past century, of her future also."

Mr. Bryant's team of significant Americans comprises Thomas Jefferson, Abraham Lincoln, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Walt Whitman, Theodore Roosevelt, Walter Page, and two modern American poets—Alan Seeger and Rachel Lindsay. Alan Seeger, who was living in Paris when the war began, at once enlisted in the Foreign Legion, and in 1916 he fell in action. "On July 4," we read, "the anniversary of the Declaration of Independence, Seeger went over the top with his company at Belloy-en-Santerre. He was last seen alive wounded but cheering on his advancing companions. A few weeks before he had written his 'Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers Fallen for France,' which he was to have read before the statue of Lafayette and Washington in Paris on Decoration Day. Still little known to his countrymen, it stands among the great and enduring expressions of human triumph over circumstance, a testimony to what man at his noblest may be."

I feel sure that Mr. Bryant's book will do much to carry on the good work of making the Americans and the British understand each other better. The same thing is true of "LONDONER'S NEW YORK." By E. Stewart Fay, author of "Why Piccadilly?" With twenty-four Plates and End-paper Maps (Methuen; 8s. 6d.). As shown in his previous work on London, the author brings to topography a genial humour and an entertaining style, combined with a laudable respect for accuracy. He does

not write on guide-book lines (in fact, it appears that the old type of guide to New York is practically out of print, as nowadays the visitor has no time for elaborate itineraries), but he describes vividly, from intimate knowledge, the city and its modern life, after tracing briefly its historical growth. In 1626 its site was bought from the Indians, for a sum equivalent to £5! To-day it surpasses London in population. Mr. Fay emphasises the point (in a preface perversely printed at the end) that his book must not be regarded as "yet another string of traveller's impressions," for he has lived five years in North America and has known New York since 1926. Moreover, he has a Canadian wife, a great asset since "Canada's rôle is that of interpreter between America and Britain." Presumably it is she who wrote a bright chapter on New York shops.

Mr. Fay denies the popular belief that New York is a hustling city. "Whatever it did in 1925, it does not

hustle now."

On the other hand, "no visitors hustle more than the happily increasing number of English tourists in America." In view of the new facilities of Atlantic travel offered by the *Queen Mary*, perhaps they will now take things more easily. "The new adult New York," writes Mr. Fay, "is more than ordinarily friendly towards England. . . . New York is (as these pages have shown) willing and anxious to learn from the experience of London in many directions, especially those connected with government and administration. London could with advantage copy this attitude. . . . London's road-makers, suburb-developers, and restaurant-keepers—to name but a few—could not but benefit from a Transatlantic trip. I wish they would take that trip. I wish more and more Londoners would. It does not take so very long on the *Queen Mary*, and there is something worth while at the end of the voyage."

I now recross the Atlantic (unfortunately not in the *Queen Mary*—a pleasure to come, I hope), and my first task on arrival in the Motherland is to say a few words about books concerning British writers. I have been having great fun trying to trace the authorship of a very beguiling and intriguing volume of feminine reminiscences starkly entitled "ANONYMOUS" 1871-1935. With ten Portraits (Murray; 12s. 6d.). So far I have been unsuccessful, although if I had time to follow up various clues consisting of references to acquaintances of my own, I could doubtless solve the mystery. Even so, however, I should not give away the secret, for that would be almost as bad as naming the criminal in a review of a detective story. Briefly, it may be stated that the author is a woman who spent her youth in Hampstead of the 'seventies and 'eighties; who knew all the writers and artists and other notabilities living there; who later, through Hermann Vezin, was drawn into theatrical circles, but, owing to some family obligation, could not herself join the profession, though evidently having the makings of an actress; who later still, again through Hermann Vezin, became a dramatic critic; and is now apparently a publisher's reader, with an encyclopaedic knowledge of London's literary, artistic, and dramatic world during the last four or five decades.

Her publishers declare that identification of the author "will be easy for her many friends . . . and for others it will be a cause of pleasant guessing." That is certainly true. Like many an amateur sleuth of detective fiction, I have opened up several trails which appeared promising but eventually petered out. After all, though, as far as the reader's enjoyment is concerned, it is not really so important to know who the author is. The main point is that she has produced a delightful and engrossing book crammed full with intimate *personalia*, and with flashes of candid, unconventional, and provocative criticism about a vast number of books and writers, plays and players. She proved herself a born critic from the time when, as a young girl, she first saw a play ("The Rivals"), and, knowing the text, "corrected blunders in a loud voice." The fearless originality of her views may be exemplified by the fact that she ranks Arthur Symons above Bernard Shaw as an Irish genius, and Marie Tempest above Ellen Terry.

Another pleasing conundrum is presented by "WHAT IS A Book?" Thoughts About Writing. By Twenty Authors (Allen and Unwin; 7s. 6d.). I thought I knew the answer to that one, but there is more in it than is visible on the surface. It depends in what sense the word "book" is used, just as definitions of poetry depend on which of its various senses is applied to the word "poetry." The editor of the present volume, we are told, arranged a symposium in which distinguished authors—ten men and ten women—discuss the purpose and inwardness of their craft. They approach the subject in very different moods. Some are quite sketchy, light, and personal, while others have taken the task more

[Continued on page 42.]

Dolls, Grocers, a Host of them	0. 5. 0
Magistrate	0. 16. 0
Compassess	0. 3. 6
Glass bubbles	0. 4. 0
Chappell's Clerke	0. 2. 0
My Bachelors cloth	0. 17. 0
At ye Taverne severall	0. 0. 0
other times etc	
Spent on my Cow Ayrcraft	0. 12. 0
On other acquaintance	0. 10. 0
Shoes 2 yards	0. 4. 0
Cloth & buckles for a vest	2. 0. 0
for Wooldred Truendl g	1. 1. 5. 0
For y ^e living 4 ds	0. 9. 0
Philosophicall Intelligencess	0. 9. 0
y ^e History of ye Royall Soc:	0. 7. 0
Shoe strings	0. 2. 0
To Goodman Powell	0. 7. 6
To my Laundress	0. 8. 6
To Caverry	0. 1. 6
To the Glazier	0. 1. 0
Two fine chucks of painting	1. 0. 0
Chasnew w ^e windows	0. 0. 0
Quakers book & sceler	0. 0. 0
Letters, w ^e er, files, boats,	0. 2. 6
For a Hellens Bay	0. 0. 0
Sw ^e pe hearing	0. 0. 0
To the Taylor Octob 29. 1662	2. 13. 0
To the Taylor Jun 10. 1667	1. 3. 10
For Harspyn Christening	0. 5. 0
Lost at cards at hotel	0. 15. 0
Received of my Tutor with y ^e best Perkins	0. 10. 0

Received into y ^e Country	
Decemb ^r 4 th 1667.	
Salvonic Socie ^t Cambridge	
Feb 12. 1667.	
Books of my Mother	30. 0. 0
My Journey	0. 7. 0
for my degree to Col ^y 5	10. 0
To y ^e Proctor	2. 0. 0
for 3 Primers	0. 3. 0
4 uncles of P.	0. 1. 4
To y ^e Painter	0. 3. 0
To y ^e Boyer	1. 1. 8
Leat to D ^r Wickins	1. 7. 6
To y ^e Shoemaker	0. 5. 0
Bacons Miscelany	0. 1. 6
Expences caused by my Degree	15. 0

A GREAT FORTHCOMING SALE: THE PAPERS OF SIR ISAAC NEWTON, COMPRISING AUTOGRAPH MSS. OF OVER THREE MILLION WORDS—A TYPICAL PAGE FROM HIS NOTEBOOK (1662-9) OF PERSONAL EXPENSES AS A CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE.

A highly interesting and important sale will be held at Sotheby's on July 13 and 14, that of the Newton Papers, by order of Lord Lymington, to whom they descended from Catherine Conduit, Sir Isaac's niece, whose daughter was the first Viscountess Lymington, mother of the second Earl of Portsmouth. In 1872 some of the strictly scientific papers were presented to Cambridge University, but the Portsmouth family retained all those relating to alchemy, chronology, and theology. Newton's thirty years as Master of the Mint, and everything of personal interest. It is this portion in its entirety that is now offered for sale. The MSS. on alchemy, which he studied to discover the Elixir of Life and the transmutation of base metals into gold, contain over 650,000 words in his own hand; those on chronology nearly 250,000 words; while his theological writings, mostly unpublished, total over 1,250,000 words. The collection also contains letters of supreme interest from Halley, Locke, Boyle, and Pepys.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.



SIR ISAAC NEWTON AS A CAMBRIDGE UNDERGRADUATE: THE LEATHER COVER AND A TYPICAL PAGE OF A LITTLE NOTEBOOK OF PERSONAL EXPENSES RECORDED IN HIS OWN HAND (1659-61).

This notebook, included in the sale mentioned above, was begun while Newton was preparing for Cambridge, and the first page is dated March 9, 1659. He matriculated at Trinity College on June 5, 1661. The above page shows his expenses on his journey thither and arrival, including "a table to set down y^e number of my cloathes in the wash" and "a quartre bottle and ink to fill it." The notebook shown in the upper photograph is of later date, 1662-9, and the page illustrated includes the expenses of taking his degree. Other items indicate that he did not forsake the lighter side of undergraduate life—e.g., "lost at cards"; and "at ye taverne several other times, &c." The graver side is represented by purchases of books, such as "ye History of ye Royall Soc." and "Bacon's Miscelany."

By Courtesy of Messrs. Sotheby and Co.

Imponsa vespere.	
Scalpone	1. 5. 8
Stilton	0. 1. 0
Candling white lion	0. 2. 6
Carriage to y ^e Studye	0. 0. 8
or Chamberlaine	0. 2. 2
a table to set downe y ^e number of my cloathes	0. 1. 0
in the wash	
Clay & water	0. 0. 8
for a quartre bottle to fill it	0. 0. 1. 7
Income from a Glasse	
the cloathes	0. 0. 0. 9
Hambro faste	0. 1. 2. 4

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE BABY PRINCE EDWARD PHOTOGRAPHED FOR THE FIRST TIME WITH HIS PARENTS IN HIS NEW HOME: THE EIGHT-MONTHS-OLD SON OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF KENT SEEN WITH HIS FATHER AND MOTHER AT THE COPPINS, IVER, BUCKS.

These delightful photographs show how Prince Edward, the son of the Duke and Duchess of Kent, is growing up into a sturdy boy and is beginning to learn to walk. In the middle he is seen, with some encouragement from his father, standing up to be photographed for the first time. The baby was born on October 9 of last year and is now nearly nine months old. The Duke and Duchess recently moved into their new home at The Coppins, Iver, Bucks, which was left to them by the late Princess Victoria, King George's sister. The photographs were taken in the garden of the house.

By Courtesy of Gaumont-British News.



THE DUCHESS OF KENT'S VISIT TO THE BEDFORD COLLEGE FOR WOMEN: H.R.H. ARRIVING.

On June 26 the Duchess of Kent, attended by Lady Mary Hope, visited the Bedford College for Women, Regent's Park, and presented certificates to students of the Florence Nightingale International Foundation. Her Royal Highness is seen in this photograph being received at the College on her arrival.

QUEEN MARY VISITS "THE KING'S HOUSE": HER MAJESTY, WITH SIR DUNCAN WATSON, IN THE GARDEN.

On June 24 Queen Mary paid a visit to the house at Burhill, Surrey, presented to King George by the Royal Warrant Holders' Association in connection with the Silver Jubilee celebrations. The house is nearly completed. Sir Duncan Watson, chairman of the committee responsible for the building of the house, escorted her Majesty round the grounds.

THE DUCHESS OF YORK LIGHTING A LAMP AT THE FESTIVAL OF TOC II LEAGUE OF WOMEN HELPERS.

On June 26 the Duchess of York, as patroness of TOC II League of Women Helpers, took part in the festival at the Crystal Palace which represented the League's chief part in the coming-of-age festival of the organisation. This photograph includes the Rev. P. B. Clayton, the founder padre, who welcomed the Duchess.



GEN. SIR ARCHIBALD HUNTER.

Began a long and distinguished connection with the Egyptian Army in 1884, becoming the trusted subordinate of Lord Kitchener. Saw much fighting in the Sudan wars. Served with equal distinction in South Africa during the Boer War. Died June 28; aged seventy-nine.



F.M. SIR CYRIL DEVERELL.

Promoted Field-Marshal in succession to the late Lord Allenby. Joined the West Yorkshire Regiment in 1895. Commanded the 20th Brigade and 3rd Division in the war. From 1921 to 1931 served in India; afterwards taking the Western Command and then the Eastern Command.



LADY DAVIDSON OF LAMBETH.

Widow of Archbishop Lord Davidson of Lambeth. Died June 26. Was the youngest child of Archbishop Tait. Married Dr. Randall Davidson, then chaplain to her father, in 1878. Shared devotedly in her husband's work, and played an important part in promoting moral welfare.



MR. E. ROBERTSON DODDS.

Appointed Regius Professor of Greek in the University of Oxford in succession to Professor Gilbert Murray, who retires on July 31 on completion of his term of office. At present Professor of Greek in the University of Birmingham. Was educated at Belfast and Oxford.



MR. J. S. C. REID.

The new Solicitor-General for Scotland; in succession to Mr. Albert Russell. Was admitted an advocate in 1914 and took silk in 1932. Elected Unionist Member for Stirling and Falkirk Burghs in 1931. Took a leading part in the House in debates on unemployment insurance.

THE EMPEROR HAILE SILASSIE AT GENEVA.



EVIDENCE THAT THE EMPEROR HAILE SILASSIE, WHO WAS FORBIDDEN TO RESIDE IN SWITZERLAND WHILE HE CONSIDERS HIMSELF AT WAR WITH ITALY, INTENDS TO SELL HIS VILLA AT VEVEY: A NOTICE "FOR SALE" OUTSIDE THE GROUNDS.



BROADCASTING A DECLARATION TO BE REPRODUCED AT CINEMAS: THE EXILED EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA SEATED BEFORE A MICROPHONE IN THE GROUNDS OF AN HOTEL AT GENEVA.



THE BOGUS "EMPEROR OF ABYSSINIA" SEATED IN THE CAR IN WHICH HE DROVE ROUND GENEVA AND VISITED VARIOUS MEMORIALS: THE PERPETRATOR OF A HOAX ASCRIBED TO LOCAL FASCISTS.

The Emperor Haile Selassie, of Abyssinia, arrived in Geneva on June 26, by the same train as Mr. Anthony Eden, and was welcomed by two of his former commanders, Ras Nasibu and Ras Kassa. A large crowd had gathered at the station to witness his arrival. Shortly afterwards an astonishing hoax was played upon the public. A car in which was seated a robed and black-bearded figure drove through Geneva, saluted by police and cheered by spectators sympathetic to Abyssinia, and, on arriving at the Reformation Memorial, the bogus "Emperor" descended and deposited a wreath. Then he re-entered his car and visited other memorials, as well as the League buildings. Later, however, the hoax was revealed. It was attributed to a Geneva Fascist organisation. On June 29 it was stated that the Emperor Haile Selassie had just declared his intention of taking part personally in one or more meetings of the League Assembly. It was also reported on the same date that he was contemplating a return to London by air, and that Mr. J. A. Mollison had been asked whether he would fly to Geneva and bring him back.

QUEEN ASTRID COMMEMORATED AT LUCERNE.

On Sunday, June 28, a chapel built in memory of Queen Astrid, close to the spot beside Lake Lucerne where she was killed ten months ago in an accident while motoring with her husband, the King of the Belgians, was consecrated by Mr. Colle, the chief ecclesiastical dignitary of the Belgian Court, who first consecrated a small memorial cross at the actual scene of the tragedy. The site of the chapel was presented by Switzerland to the Belgian people, and, for the first time in history, khaki-clad Belgian war veterans marched through a Swiss town—Lucerne—with national flags and regimental colours flying, and with bands playing, on their way to attend the ceremony. It ended with the singing of the Swedish, Belgian and Swiss National anthems. Belgian war widows, before their departure, placed a bronze crown on the spot where their young Queen had died. The bell to be hung in the chapel steeple is inscribed (in Latin):

"I mourn for Astrid, the Queen of the Belgians, who perished here in 1935, aged 29."



THE CONSECRATION OF A MEMORIAL CHAPEL TO QUEEN ASTRID OF THE BELGIANS NEAR THE SCENE OF HER DEATH BESIDE LAKE LUCERNE: A GENERAL VIEW ON THE DAY OF THE CEREMONY.



DRADED IN BRIDAL WHITE AND ADORNED WITH MYRTLE BUDS: THE BELL, INSCRIBED WITH QUEEN ASTRID'S NAME, READY TO BE CONSECRATED BEFORE BEING INSTALLED IN THE STEEPLE OF THE MEMORIAL CHAPEL.



AT THE ACTUAL SPOT WHERE QUEEN ASTRID DIED IN A MOTORING ACCIDENT LAST YEAR, WHILE DRIVING WITH HER HUSBAND, KING LEOPOLD: A CROSS WHICH WAS CONSECRATED BEFORE THE CEREMONY AT THE CHAPEL.

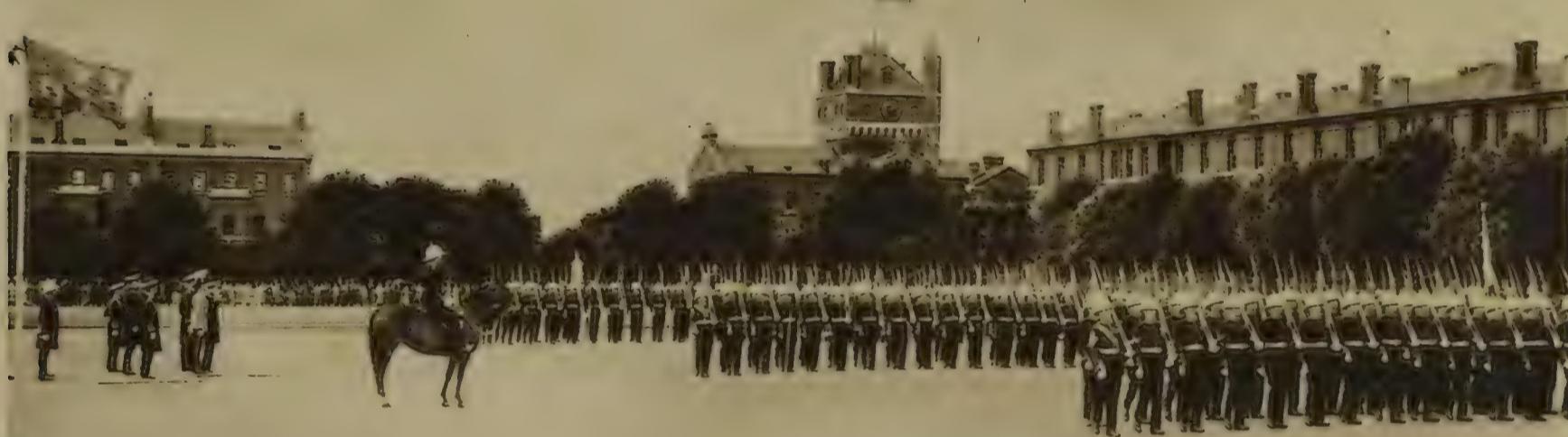
THE KING PAYING HIS FIRST VISIT TO THE NAVY SINCE HIS ACCESSION.



THE KING'S INSPECTION AT THE ROYAL NAVAL BARRACKS, PORTSMOUTH: RATINGS MOVING OFF THE PARADE GROUND AFTER THE MARCH-PAST IN THE GYMNASIUM.



DRIVING ALONG THE ESPLANADE AT SOUTHSEA TO LUNCH AT ADMIRALTY HOUSE: CROWDS CHEERING THE KING AS HE PASSED IN HIS CAR.



AN INSPECTION OF THE ROYAL MARINES, OF WHICH THE KING IS COLONEL-IN-CHIEF, AT THE EASTNEY BARRACKS: HIS MAJESTY (LEFT; IN THE STANDING GROUP) TAKING THE SALUTE AT THE MARCH-PAST.



THE KING GOING ABOARD THE ROYAL YACHT "VICTORIA AND ALBERT" DURING HIS VISIT TO PORTSMOUTH: HIS MAJESTY ACCCOMPANIED BY LORD LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN (RIGHT).

Admiral of the Fleet his Majesty the King, who had stayed the night at Addean, near Chichester, as the guest of Lord and Lady Louis Mountbatten, went to Portsmouth on June 30, to pay his first visit to the Navy since his Accession. He was received at Portsbridge by the Lord Mayor and Aldermen of the city, and then, after his car had been delayed by multitudes of cheering people, proceeded to the Royal Naval Barracks. There rain caused his inspection of naval ratings on the parade ground to be cancelled, and he took the salute in the gymnasium, where 4640 officers and men marched past. The King then carried out a number of engagements—including a call at H.M.S. "Vernon," the torpedo school; a trip at sea in motor torpedo-boat No. 1, the Navy's latest and fastest unit (further illustrated overleaf); visits to H.M.S. "Excellent," the Whale Island



IN THE CONNING POSITION OF MOTOR TORPEDO-BOAT NO. 1: THE KING ON HIS TRIP IN SPITHEAD. (SEE OUR DOUBLE-PAGE.)

Gunnery School, the "Victoria and Albert," and the Royal Marine Barracks at Eastney; and lunch at Admiralty House with Admiral Sir John Kelly, the Commander-in-Chief. The motor torpedo-boat in which his Majesty went to sea is one of twelve being built or projected. These craft were described in the "Daily Telegraph" as perhaps proving the Navy's answer to the air menace, "for a mark 66 feet long, moving at well over 40 knots, would be nearly impossible to hit with a bomb, and if it comes to machine-gunning they can give as good as they take. Two sets of multiple machine-guns, one forward and one aft, is the present arrangement, and this armament may be increased. . . . In war an M.T.B. would probably have two officers and a crew of eight." A torpedo was discharged while the King was on board.



THE KING GOES TO SEA IN MOTOR TORPEDO-BOAT No. 1, THE NAVY'S LATEST AND FASTEST VESSEL, WHICH CARRIES TWO TORPEDOES AND CAN MAKE OVER FORTY KNOTS: THE 66-FOOT CRAFT, WITH HIS MAJESTY ON BOARD AND FOLLOWED BY A SISTER SHIP, AT SPEED DURING THE RUN IN SPITHEAD.

ON THE CONTINENT AND AT HOME:
NEWS OF THE WEEK IN PICTURES.



FRENCH SUFFRAGETTES PARADING THE RACECOURSE AT LONGCHAMP WITH PLACARDS BEFORE THE GRAND PRIX DE PARIS: "LA FRANÇAISE DOIT VOTER!"

The French suffragettes are redoubling their efforts to gain sympathy for their cause. There was a demonstration in the Chamber at the recent meeting of the new French Parliament; and at Longchamp on June 28 eight women carrying placards paraded the course just before the running of the Grand Prix. Their action recalled the tragic incident of 1913, when an English suffragette rushed on to the course at Epsom during the Derby and was killed.



FIVE THOUSAND PROTESTERS AGAINST THE GOVERNMENT'S TITHE BILL: A PROCESSION IN LONDON, HEADED BY IRONSIDES AND MOCK CLERGYMEN.

On June 24 five thousand people from the country formed a procession in London to protest against the Government's Tithe Bill. They are seen in this photograph turning from Aldwych into Kingsway, their leaders dressed in the costume of Ironsides, while a mock clergyman carries a banner inscribed "I raid the flock." The demonstrators were stopped by the police on the Embankment and were made to fold their banners.



TURKEY'S REQUEST FOR REVISION OF THE STRAITS CONVENTION: M. PAUL-BONCOUR, THE FRENCH DELEGATE, SPEAKING AT THE MONTREUX CONFERENCE.

The Montreux Conference to discuss Turkey's right to fortify the Dardanelles began on June 22. Tributes were paid on all sides to the method in which Turkey was seeking revision of the Straits Convention, and the Conference seemed predisposed to use every endeavour to meet her desires. On June 25 the Conference ended its first reading of the Turkish draft and adjourned until after the League Assembly, since the chief delegates were due at Geneva.



TORRENTIAL RAIN AT BRISTOL: TRAFFIC MAKING ITS LABORIOUS WAY THROUGH ZETLAND ROAD, WHICH WAS FLOODED TO A DEPTH OF SEVERAL FEET.

Bristol was the scene of a thunderstorm accompanied by torrential rain on June 29, when 1.95 inches of rain fell in twenty minutes. Bristol floating harbour, which is eighty-three acres in extent and touches the heart of the city, rose two inches in a quarter of an hour. There was soon 12 ft. of water in the basement of the fire station, and at the central police station the prisoners' cells were flooded.



A MILITARY TATTOO IN BERLIN IN HONOUR OF GENERAL VALLE, THE ITALIAN AIR CHIEF: THE CLIMAX OF A VERY CORDIAL RECEPTION.

General Valle, the Italian Under-Secretary for Air and Chief of Staff of the Italian Air Force, left Berlin on June 28 at the end of his five days' official visit. The very cordial reception given to him and to Countess Ciano, Signor Mussolini's daughter, who recently spent four weeks in Germany, has aroused interest as to the degree of the Italo-German rapprochement which has suddenly become noticeable. Both General Valle and Countess Ciano had talks with Herr Hitler.



HEIDELBERG CASTLE FLOODLIT FOR THE 550TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE UNIVERSITY; SHOWING THE OLD BRIDGE AND (RIGHT) THE KARLSTOR.

Celebrations commemorating the 550th anniversary of the oldest German University began in Heidelberg on June 27. The flags of thirty-two foreign countries (including Canada and South Africa, but not Great Britain) whose universities and colleges had sent delegates were hoisted in a public ceremony resembling a military parade on the University square. The town is decorated with Nazi flags, and all the ceremonies have a Nazi flavour.

SPORTING EVENTS OF THE WEEK: THE TEST MATCH; AND OTHER OCCASIONS.



THE TEST MATCH BETWEEN ENGLAND AND ALL-INDIA AT LORD'S: A LOW-SCORING GAME WHICH ENGLAND WON AFTER BEING LED ON THE FIRST INNINGS.

England won the first Test match on June 30 by nine wickets. All-India batted first and scored 147; then put England out for 134. Only Leyland, who made 60, offered much resistance to the bowling of Amar Singh and Mahomed Nissar. In their second innings All-India collapsed against G. O. Allen's bowling, scoring only 93. The English batsmen then hit off the runs with the loss of one wicket.



A. H. PADGHAM WINS THE OPEN GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP AT HOYLAKE: RECEIVING THE CUP FROM THE CLUB CAPTAIN, SIR PERCY BATES.

A. H. Padgham, professional at Sundridge Park, set the seal on a wonderful season's golf by winning the Open Golf Championship at Hoylake on June 27. He had rounds of 73, 72, 71, and 71 for an aggregate of 287; winning by one stroke from J. Adams and by two strokes from M. Dallemane, the French golfer, and T. H. Cotton. E. Sarazen, with 291, did best of the American entries; and A. D. Locke, the young South African, was the leading amateur, with 294.



THE FOREIGN ENTRY WHICH AROUSED TREMENDOUS INTEREST AT HENLEY: THE JAPANESE OARSMEN IN THEIR CYPRESS-WOOD BOAT.

The Tokyo Imperial University crew, visitors to this country to compete at Henley before going to Berlin for the Olympic Games, electrified the rowing world on June 20 by their amazingly high speed of stroke in winning the Grand Challenge Cup at Marlow. In several respects their methods are most unorthodox in British eyes. Their boat is light and short, and is made of Hinoki wood—a form of cypress.



THE NEW "ENDEAVOUR II." (RIGHT) STARTS HER RACING CAREER AT FALMOUTH: MR. T. O. M. SOPWITH'S "J" CLASS YACHT WITH "ENDEAVOUR I."

The new "J" class yacht built for Mr. T. O. M. Sopwith as a potential challenger for the "America's" Cup sailed her first race at Falmouth on June 24. There was scarcely any wind and she came in last of the four big yachts. At Falmouth on June 25, however, and at Fowey on June 27, "Endeavour II." won her races, sailing fast and going remarkably close to the wind on the beats. She appears to be even better than "Endeavour I."



HERR HITLER GREETS HIS FRIEND, MAX SCHMELING, ON HIS RETURN FROM NEW YORK: THE BOXER WITH HIS WIFE AND MOTHER AT THE CHANCELLERY.

The German heavyweight, Max Schmeling, received telegrams of congratulations from Herr Hitler and Dr. Goebbels after his defeat of the negro, Joe Louis, in New York on June 19. Returning to Germany in the airship "Hindenburg," Schmeling was enthusiastically welcomed on arrival, and was received by Herr Hitler, who is an old friend of his, in the Chancellery. Schmeling's mother and his wife, Anny Ondra, the film actress, are also in the photograph.



YOUNG STORKS BROUGHT BY AIR FROM GERMANY, ESTABLISHED AT A DISUSED THATCHED COTTAGE IN KENT: THE BIRDS ON SPECIALLY PREPARED CARTWHEEL NESTS—ONE PLACED ON THE TOP OF THE CHIMNEY AND OTHERS ON RAISED POLES.



PREPARING THE CHIMNEY-TOP NEST FOR THE YOUNG STORKS IMPORTED FROM EAST PRUSSIA: ORNITHOLOGISTS ARRANGE FOR AN INTERESTING MIGRATION EXPERIMENT, BY INTRODUCING STORKS INTO ENGLAND.



JUST AFTER BEING UNPACKED FROM THE CRATES IN WHICH THEY HAD TRAVELED BY AIR FROM GERMANY TO CROYDON: SOME OF THE YOUNG STORKS ON THEIR ARRIVAL AT THEIR NEW HOME IN KENT.



GIVING WATER TO A YOUNG STORK ON A CARTWHEEL NEST: ONE OF THE FIFTEEN IMPORTED BIRDS, WHICH HAD VORACIOUS APPETITES, EATING FOURTEEN RABBITS AND SOME FISH ON THE EVENING OF THEIR ARRIVAL.



QUITE AT HOME IN THEIR NEW QUARTERS AT A KENTISH COTTAGE: YOUNG STORKS ON CARTWHEEL NESTS ON POLES AND THE CHIMNEY-TOP—BIRDS EXPECTED TO MIGRATE TO AFRICA IN THE AUTUMN.

WE illustrate here an interesting experiment in sending young storks from Germany to England, to study, by ringing them (1) what route they take to Africa if they migrate next autumn; (2) whether they will return to East Prussia to nest after three years—the breeding age; (3) whether any will return to England to breed. The experiment was arranged between Mr. C. I. Blackburne, Hon. Sec. of the Haslemere Educational Museum and Natural History Society, and Dr. E. Schüz, of the Vogelwarte (bird-watching station), Rossitten, East Prussia. The birds arrived at Croydon on June 25, in crates brought in a Lufthansa aeroplane. Four storks were sent to the Zoo, to be forwarded to Scotland, while four were taken to the grounds of the Haslemere Museum, and fifteen to a disused cottage in Kent (here illustrated), where nests had been prepared, one on the chimney-top and the rest on cartwheels raised on poles. "All the storks," writes Mr. Blackburne in sending us the photographs, "are getting on well, and their appetite is colossal. The first evening they arrived in Kent they ate fourteen rabbits besides some fish—that is, among the fifteen storks. There is a standing order for 14 lb. of fish daily, besides rabbits! But that will be increased when they grow older." A previous experiment in hatching storks' eggs under herons in England failed. Only one out of twelve eggs hatched out, but the little stork—the first ever born in a wild state in the British Isles—lived only a week. The other eggs were addled, but herons patiently sat on them for six weeks.

YOUNG STORKS CONVEYED BY AIR FROM GERMANY TO ENGLAND, AND SETTLED AT A NEW HOME IN KENT: A NOTABLE EXPERIMENT BY BRITISH AND GERMAN ORNITHOLOGISTS, TO STUDY, BY MEANS OF RINGING, THE EXPECTED MIGRATION OF THE BIRDS TO AFRICA DURING NEXT AUTUMN AND RETURN TO EUROPE AFTER THREE YEARS.



AN EIGHTEENTH-DYNASTY MASTER OF THE HORSE SUPERBLY CARVED IN EBONY: A BEAUTIFUL STATUETTE OF THAY NEWLY CLEANED AND PUT ON EXHIBITION IN THE CAIRO MUSEUM OF ANTIQUITIES; WITH WHITE HIEROGLYPHICS ON THE PEDESTAL RECOUNTING HIS CAREER.

LONG IN GLUED RAGS;
NOW ON EXHIBITION:
A SUPERB EGYPTIAN
CARVING IN EBONY—

DATING FROM THE
XVIIITH DYNASTY.



THE HEAD OF THE EBONY STATUETTE:
WONDERFUL CARVING OF THE CEREMONIAL WIG, AND AN EXPRESSION FULL
OF LIFE AND FEELING—WORK OF SOME
THIRTY-FOUR CENTURIES AGO.

THE Cairo Museum of Antiquities was recently enriched by a beautiful ebony statuette, one of the very finest ever found in Egypt. It has a curious history. Discovered as long ago as 1899 at Sakkara, near Memphis, in Lower Egypt, it was brought to the Museum wrapped in glued linen rags, and in that state it remained until a few months ago, when the authorities decided to remove the wrappings and clean it. Made of Sudanese ebony and standing about two feet high, the statuette represents Thay, Master of the Horse to a Pharaoh of the Eighteenth Dynasty (about 1580-1350 B.C.). This was one of the greatest periods of Egyptian history, including as it did the names of Thothmes III., Queen Hatshepsut, the heretic Akhenaten, and Tutankhamen. The statue's ceremonial wig and the linen folds of the skirt are exquisitely carved, while the expression of the face and the poise of the body give a subtle suggestion of life and movement. The left arm was apparently omitted from the original statuette, as the linen wrapping was found glued to the empty shoulder. On the dark wooden pedestal are white hieroglyphics recounting the career of Thay and his faithful service to his royal master.

PHOTOGRAPHS SUPPLIED BY
MR. C. A. G. MACKINTOSH.

NEW DISCOVERIES AT ONE OF THE CROWNING PLACES OF THE PHARAOHS:

RECORDS OF THOTHMES III., AND OTHER RELICS, AT ARMANT.



1. THE FIRST KNOWN DELINEATION OF A RHINOCEROS IN EGYPTIAN ART: THE ANIMAL CAUGHT BY THOTHMES III., WITH ITS DIMENSIONS PROUDLY INSCRIBED BELOW (IN CUBITS, PALMS, AND DIGITS), HEADING A PROCESSION OF NUBIANS.

EXCAVATIONS during the past winter at Armant, the site of classical Hermonthis in Upper Egypt, have revealed the Sacred Lake of Cleopatra, remains of an 18th-Dynasty temple, and promise of more important finds of earlier date. The work has been conducted by the Sir Robert Mond Expedition of the Egypt Exploration Society of London, under the direction of Mr. Oliver H. Myers, who described and illustrated some very interesting previous results in "The Illustrated London News" of August 12, 1933. Armant is one of the most promising sites in Egypt, now under private exploration. Much of Armant's history of 6000 years can be reconstructed from the first season's work. Long searching through the streets of the town, in the courtyards and in the very foundations of the peasants' houses, resulted in finding inscribed stones belonging to almost all of Egypt's important dynastic periods. Ancient Armant probably began as a settlement of pre-Dynastic peoples who certainly inhabited Upper Egypt as early as 4000 B.C. Typical pottery of these people was found in the lowest level of a test shaft sunk in the town market-place. Their cemeteries have been excavated in previous seasons in the low desert of the concession. In the same test shaft, proto-Dynastic pottery of the short period just preceding the great Pyramid Age was found in a small shallow pit filled with river sand, similar to those in which foundation deposits are buried under temples. Little is known of Armant during the Old Kingdom, when the sudden blossoming of Egyptian civilisation took place in the Delta region. Some have thought that the town was then the capital of Southern Egypt. The population and wealth of Armant was great in the intermediate period between the Old Empire and the Middle Kingdom, if we can gauge correctly from one of the largest early Middle Kingdom cemeteries found in the desert behind the town. The Middle Kingdom, centred at Thebes, began with the Mentuhotep family, who came originally from Armant. A number of beautiful limestone blocks of the 11th and 12th Dynasty styles, two bearing the name of S'ankh-ka-ra, the last of the Mentuhoteps, were found in the floor of a Roman sanctuary. These blocks indicate that temples were built at this time, and give promise that future excavations may reveal the foundations and shed light on this little-known and important period. Following the Middle Kingdom, the Government of Egypt broke again into independent groups, and in its weakened state the country was overrun by the Asiatic Hyksos or Shepherd Kings. The native kings retreated southward, and in Armant the defenders built around the town a mud-brick wall, evidence of which still remains. When a native dynasty regained power in the early New Kingdom, Ahmose I. built a temple, or additions to one, at Armant. In the New Kingdom Thebes and Karnak grew and eclipsed Armant, but the town remained one of the crowning places of the Kings

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7. AN OSIRID FIGURE OF KING MERENPTAH OF THE 19TH DYNASTY, DISCOVERED CAREFULLY BURIED WITH THE SANDSTONE HEAD OF ANOTHER STATUE: A VIEW SHOWING THE STONE FLOORING OF THE GRAVE BESIDE THE FIGURE.



2. PART OF THE SAME PROCESSION, SHOWN IN RELIEF ON THE NORTH FACE OF THE THOTHMES III. PYLON: (LEFT) NUBIANS CARRYING OSTRICH FEATHERS AND RING INGOTS OF GOLD; (RIGHT) FIGURES OF CATTLE, DAMAGED IN LATER TIMES.

of Egypt, a privilege which it retained to the end of the Dynastic era. Thothmes III., the great warrior King, was especially attached to it, for Mento, the god of the town, was the war god of Egypt. Here he erected, after his victories, a great temple, much of which was re-used by later builders. Many of the blocks of the temple have been conserved in a Ptolemaic floor, and amongst them was a fragment of a granite door-jamb, completely covered with gold leaf, one of the golden doors of the temple. There are also, waiting to be moved and conserved, hundreds of blocks from this temple, some with the carving and

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5. AN 11TH-DYNASTY REPRESENTATION OF THE GODDESS IUNUT, WITH FEATHER HEAD-DRRESS AND BEAD NECKLACE BEAUTIFULLY CARVED IN LOW RELIEF: ONE OF THE BLOCKS FOUND IN THE UPPER STRATUM AT ARMANT.

colours well preserved. This year the pylon of this temple was excavated. On the north face of the east wing of the pylon, which stands about two metres in height, is carved a procession of Nubians bearing the spoils from Thothmes' expedition into the south (Figs. 1 to 4). The artist has depicted with careful detail the thick lips, the thin, bulbous head, the long arms and thin legs characteristic of Negroid peoples, and has given them the jubilant movements so well known in negro dancing. At the head of the procession, slaves lead a rhinoceros, the chief prize in Thothmes' booty (Fig. 1). The interpretation that

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8. EXCAVATIONS AT ARMANT: THE EAST WING OF THE THOTHMES III. PYLON, ON THE REVERSE SIDE OF WHICH IS THE PROCESSION (FIGS. 1 TO 4); SHOWING TWO RECESSES FOR FLAGSTAFFS AND (IN FOREGROUND) TWO SEMI-CIRCULAR STRUCTURES.

**THE FIRST KNOWN REPRESENTATION OF A RHINOCEROS
IN ANCIENT EGYPTIAN ART;
A STATUE OF MERENPTAH; AND CLEOPATRA'S SACRED LAKE.**



3. RECORDING THE VICTORIOUS EXPEDITION OF THOTHMES III. SOUTHWARD FROM EGYPT: ANOTHER PART OF THE PROCESSION OF NUBIANS IN THE FRIEZE ON HIS PYLON, CARRYING BAULK OF EBONY AND OTHER SPOILS.

this pylon and its procession belonged to Thothmes III, was substantiated by the finding of a red granite stela (Fig. 6) under the floor of a Coptic room, built at a later date against the west wing of the pylon. This stela enumerates the hunting and military expeditions of Thothmes into Palestine, Syria, and Nubia. The capture of the rhinoceros is recorded in one of the Nubian campaigns. The inscriptions contain the name of this animal, written for the first time (Fig. 1). In later times this pylon was usurped by no less than seven kings, including the ubiquitous Rameses II., who cut an interesting inscription on the east wall

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4. LANDED WITH SPOILS OBTAINED BY THOTHMES III. IN HIS SOUTHERN EXPEDITION: NUBIANS BEARING PELTS, OSTRICH EGGS, AND IVORY TUSKS—ANOTHER SECTION OF THE PROCESSION REPRESENTED ON HIS PYLON.



6. THE RED GRANITE STELA OF THOTHMES III. RECORDING HIS MILITARY CAMPAIGNS AND THE CAPTURE OF A RHINOCEROS (FIG. 1): THE STELA IN SITU ON THE FLOOR OF A COPTIC ROOM, WITH A PATCH WORN BARE BY THE FEET OF OCCUPANTS.

of the entrance, mentioning the ninth, tenth, and eleventh "jubilees" of his reign. Following the dynastic period, the next known building took place in Ptolemaic times. Scattered throughout the site are numerous blocks from the great temple, constructed in this period, where Buchis, the bull god, had his dwelling. The tombs of the sacred bulls and their mothers were excavated in the desert by the expedition in previous seasons. In Roman times, the great Ptolemaic temple was pulled down, and some of the blocks were used to build a stone wall around the town. There can be little doubt that this wall was built in an emergency and

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9. A POTTERY PIPE-LINE LAID IN ROMAN TIMES THROUGH THE ENTRANCE WAY OF THE THOTHMES III. PYLON, AND LEADING UNDER A SEMI-CIRCULAR BRICK CONSTRUCTION (SEE THE NOTE UNDER THE ADJOINING PHOTOGRAPH—FIG. 8).

that the emergency was the invasion of Upper Egypt by the Blemmyes from the Sudan. These people had a governor at Gebelein whose area extended to Sohag and whose duty it was to collect tribute. Pottery found at Armant carries the distinctive decorative patterns found in the tombs of the Blemmyes by Mr. Emery. The period of great stone buildings ended in early Christian times with the construction of a great Coptic church, described by early travellers in Egypt as one of the largest and finest in the country. In the Coptic-Byzantine period the people built a village within the temple courtyard of Thothmes III. Their mud-brick houses were unearthed against the pylon and the walls of the temple enclosure. These rooms contained much pottery, a stone window, and innumerable small finds of this period. The Coptic inhabitants evidently lived on the top of the ruined pylon, and used the old pylon stairway as means of descent to a well which they sank at the west end. Throughout the later periods one building had remained undamaged, the Mammisi built by Cleopatra to celebrate the birth of her son, Caesarion. This interesting and attractive little temple, built by the mother of the last independent King of Egypt, prior to King Fuad, survived to be destroyed by the latter's father, Ismail Khedive, for material for a sugar factory. Sugar has once more brought Armant prosperity, but one wishes that the benefit could have been obtained without the accompanying destruction. When the Mammisi was blown up, stone was also taken from the Sacred Lake adjoining it, but it was guessed that the quarriers would not have bothered to dig very deep for material. Excavation proved the assumption right, for two metres below the surface the solid walls, with a stairway leading down to the original lake level, came to view (Fig. 10). A hundred years ago, travellers saw the people of Armant washing clothes on the lake shore, but when excavations began the lake was only a shallow pan of putrid green liquid in which buffaloes wallowed. However, traditions persist that the spot is sacred and that the water has magical curative properties. A column, described as standing in the lake years ago, was searched for, in the hope that it was a Nilometer. It was found, but proved on examination to be a temple column marked off to be sawed into millstones. Many interesting and beautiful objects were found (e.g., Figs. 5, 7, and 9), although the dynastic levels were barely touched. Of special interest are a black granite Ptolemaic head of the finest workmanship, a foundation deposit containing sixteen alabaster vases, mostly inscribed for Queen Hatshepsut, and a string of magnificently polished carnelian beads of the 12th Dynasty. Armant has been barely scratched. Further research should produce important information if excavations are continued.



10. THE WEST SIDE OF THE WALL THAT SURROUNDED THE SACRED LAKE OF CLEOPATRA, AND THE BEGINNING OF THE STAIRWAY THAT LED TO IT: (RIGHT) THE PRESENT POOL ABOVE THE ANCIENT LAKE, LONG SINCE FILLED WITH THE REFUSE OF AGES.

Notes for the Novel-Reader: Fiction of the Month.

ALDOUS HUXLEY'S "Eyeless in Gaza" is the history of one Anthony Beavis, born of intellectual stock in the 'nineties, who developed a sociological bent at Oxford, and is afforded exhaustive opportunity to study the perversions and predations of his contemporaries in the society with which Mr. Huxley's other novels have familiarised us. Anthony's progress from "knowledge earthly of the mind to wisdom heavenly of the soul" is long drawn out; but "Eyeless in Gaza" does actually penetrate beyond the impasse where "Point Counterpoint" leaves off, and in this departure, and on other counts, it is a positive and notable book.

A reaction from the emotional violations perpetrated by Victorian relations and schoolboys when Anthony Beavis was a child, may be traced in the later liberty he was to devise for himself, a liberty that should secure his pleasures without jeopardising his freedom of mind. He lived for twenty years as he had chosen to live, at the pace of the febrile company about him. He enjoyed the luxury of sarcastic comment on its antics. His love affair with witty Mary Amberley began while she had charm and beauty, and was followed by another with her daughter Helen: they were passionless episodes in which he accepted love, but carefully withheld himself from giving it. The affair with Helen collapsed suddenly. Mary's wit was to score a parting shot by inciting him to seduce the young girl his friend was about to marry. She was drugging then; she petred out, an obscene wreck, in a frowsy hotel bedroom in Paris. Beavis was forty by this time; and the liberty that permitted him cowardice and treachery and denied him the surrender to love, was beginning to crack.

Revulsion, when it came, drove him out of London with the idea of joining the Mexican revolutionaries. He fell in with a humanitarian doctor, who demolished his last defences. He came back to England, and embraced the tenets of a pacifist group. Their pacifism invited him to suffer for the cause; to prove himself — his real self — on the platform of a meeting where physical violence was anticipated. The night before, Beavis had threshed in agony over the sum of his philosophy, beating his brains against the mystery of the evil inherent in mankind. Then, by "some sort of immediate experience" — he could define it no more clearly than that — he perceived how the darkness should deepen into light, and the unfathomable unity beyond the nature of evil things. And there Mr. Huxley leaves him, going forward to the crucial test with the conviction that, whatever might be, all would be well.

Arnold Zweig puts Teutonic mentality under the microscope in "Education Before Verdun." The battle raging round Douaumont is magnificently treated; but without diminishing its terrific effect or detracting from the disciplined courage of the army, Herr Zweig has focussed his lens on the intrigues and reprisals of individuals, one German against another. How puny civil officers trimmed to the military pattern tyrannised over better men; how Werner Bertin the Jew was victimised; why young Kroising was sent to his death, and where and when his brother's vengeance struck; these are the undercurrents brought to the surface on the shell-pitted field before Verdun. It is not surprising the original manuscript of "Education Before Verdun" was confiscated when Herr Zweig was expelled from Germany.

Sarah Campion has also something pregnant to say about the modern German in "Duet for Female Voices," a novel of much wit and uncommon character. For all its tragic development it moves lightly, and the sketches of the Jewish family and the English governess are so good they may be forgiven for holding up the action of the story. The Nazi point of view is presented by a young man — an ardent Hitler worshipper, naturally. Anna Bernstein, part Jew and part Aryan, and a much more intelligent person, listened to him with good humour, but

remained unconvinced. It was not to be long before, having inadvertently ventured into the fringes of a Nazi parade, an outrage of which she was innocent was visited upon her, and she was beaten to death by the crowd. Her murder was used further to inflame the citizens of Nuremberg. "Our Fuehrer has given it: the Jew is alien! *The Jew is unclean!* THE JEW MUST GO!!"

Marguerite Steen introduces "Return of a Heroine" as a psychological fantasia on a realistic theme. Phoebe Jordan, who lived meanly in a mean street, poisoned her mother, who was dying of cancer, and the popular press starred her as a heroine. She came out of prison to discover a way of escape from her squalid surroundings in Carolyn Maunde's offer to engage her as her companion. There might be something profitable in being notorious, Phoebe surmised, and the sentimental Carolyn looked, as she was, easy to subjugate. Phoebe settled down to soft living, to batten on Carolyn and play the heroine for the rest of her days. The portrait of the egotist enlarged to dominance is complete. It is a clever, disagreeable story.

There is nothing cold-blooded about Priscilla Johnston's egotist in "Burnt Mallow." Evelyn Anderson is charming, and her family did well to cherish her. But she is not the heroine; that part went to Cousin Joscelyn, when her

persons on the edge of nervous breakdown should not, of course, do these things, but these are just the things they insist on doing. Her death, alas poor Claudia! emancipated the family she had kept in leading strings. "Faster! Faster!" is a novel nicely adapted to the exercise of Miss Delafield's gift of irony, and the two young women in the office are imitable.

Bryan Guinness is out for a lark with "A Week by the Sea." Richard Preston, with three weeks at the sea in "Shadow and Flame," is all for realism. Mr. Guinness's humour has broadened since he wrote "Landscape for Figures," but his subtle perception has not deserted him. "Shadow and Flame" appears to be a first novel. Mr. Preston has something very well worth saying about the people in the boarding house and the simple young couple who made the — to them — daring experiment of a Cornish holiday. He has, too, a definite purpose that leaves you thinking.

The next two books are novels of adventure. First we have "Fire Over England," by A. E. W. Mason, a model of easy and colourful writing that opens with Gloriana peacock before the scholars of Eton. She captured one of them for life by the glimmer of a smile; she baited a long-nosed tutor (and confirmed him in a secret treason);

she was diplomatically coquettish with a knot of ribbon — does it need to be said how much high enterprise for the young Etonian, plot and counterplot and outwitting of Spanish devildom, was lying ahead? Mr. Mason holds his own in the novel of action. "Interval Ashore," by Horton Giddy, is lively with thrills, and vivid in its realistic treatment of a young naval officer's adventures in southern Russia through the horrors of the Red and White campaign. The author says he was never in Russia or the Black Sea. The more credit to his imagination; it is only the love-interest, in "Interval Ashore," that reads like fiction.

J. J. Farjeon's vagabond Ben has made another successful sally into a succession of extremely tight places. He is a character one cannot meet too often, and in "Detective Ben" he is at his brightest. He happened to remonstrate, in his cheery way, with a presumptuous suicide leaning over the parapet of London Bridge, and

found the man was already dead. He was promptly held up by a detective, and the detective was shot from a car and fell at his feet. Was he downhearted? Not a bit. He was merely stimulated to undertake a mysterious commission that led him to the perilous back of beyond in the Highlands, where he pulled off a grand coup, his Cockney *aplomb* unshaken.

Trent, of the memorable "Last Case," reappears in "Trent's Own Case," by E. C. Bentley and H. Warner Allen — Mr. Bentley, we assume, being responsible for the plot in general, and Mr. Warner Allen for the wines, and the vital clue of the champagne-cork. The case is built up round the murder of an elderly philanthropist whose benevolence masked some very unpleasant symptoms. Mr. Randolph prayed with the sinner, and likewise preyed upon him; therein, and in Trent's personal concern with the crime, lies the art of this powerfully constructed thriller.

Last on the list comes Phoebe Atwood Taylor's new Asey Mayo story. Asey has a complicated problem to solve in "The Crimson Patch," the patch being the blood of Rosalie Ray, film star, who was killed at Cape Cod, conveniently for Mr. Mayo's arrival on the scene. The opening chapter is very good. Myles Wetherell, passenger to Cape Cod, hopped into a clean little empty bus outward bound from Boston. The driver who had hailed him went off and failed to return, and his substitute, who was one of the most desperate gangsters in America, drove the unsuspecting Myles part of the way, and pushed him out. When he arrived at the waterside cottage of his destination, there was Rosalie Ray in screaming possession. She was dead before the next morning. Asey does his job well, and keeps one guessing.

BOOKS REVIEWED.

- Eyeless in Gaza.* By Aldous Huxley. (Chatto and Windus; 10s. 6d.)
- Education Before Verdun.* By Arnold Zweig. (Secker; 8s. 6d.)
- Duet for Female Voices.* By Sarah Campion. (Davies; 7s. 6d.)
- Return of a Heroine.* By Marguerite Steen. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)
- Burnt Mallow.* By Priscilla Johnston. (Duckworth; 7s. 6d.)
- Faster! Faster!* By E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan; 7s. 6d.)
- A Week by the Sea.* By Bryan Guinness. (Putnam; 7s. 6d.)
- Shadow and Flame.* By Richard Preston. (Chapman and Hall; 7s. 6d.)
- Fire Over England.* By A. E. W. Mason. (Hodder and Stoughton; 7s. 6d.)
- Interval Ashore.* By Horton Giddy. (Cape; 7s. 6d.)
- Detective Ben.* By J. Jefferson Farjeon. (Collins; 7s. 6d.)
- Trent's Own Case.* By E. C. Bentley. (Constable; 7s. 6d.)
- The Crimson Patch.* By Phoebe Atwood Taylor. (Gollancz; 7s. 6d.)



A FAMOUS SCULPTOR'S RECORD OF THE GREATEST OF POLO TEAMS, UNBEATEN IN INTERNATIONAL EVENTS: THE MEADOWBROOK TEAM OF 1909 — A BRONZE GROUP BY HERBERT HASELTINE PRESENTED TO THE HURLINGHAM CLUB.

The recent American victory in the Westchester Cup matches adds interest to Mr. Herbert Haseltine's fine group of the Meadowbrook Team, winners of the polo trophy in 1909, who were never beaten in any international match. The team was composed of Mr. Harry Payne Whitney (Captain), Mr. Devereux Milburn, and the brothers Larry and Monte Waterbury. A replica of this group has been presented to the Hurlingham Club by Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, in accordance with a wish expressed by her late husband, to whom it belonged. It has now been installed at the club on a specially made pedestal.

visit to the Andersons and their children involved her permanently in their lives. The atmosphere of "Burnt Mallow" is delectable, and the attractive, untrustworthy husband whom Joscelyn loved, and magnanimously transferred to an Anderson, is entirely convincing. He told her she was the most gracious person he ever knew. Self-sacrifice was her vice, though that is not how Miss Johnston intends you to regard it. A pinch of the quality of Claudia in E. M. Delafield's "Faster! Faster!" would have saved Joscelyn from letting Randal slip through her fingers. Claudia is one of those neurotic people who run everything and everybody within their orbit, ostensibly because they are able, but actually because they are possessive. She lived on her nerves, speeding up the office in town, holding down her husband and children with a velvet grip at home. She killed herself driving in London on a wet, dark night;

found the man was already dead. He was promptly held up by a detective, and the detective was shot from a car and fell at his feet. Was he downhearted? Not a bit. He was merely stimulated to undertake a mysterious commission that led him to the perilous back of beyond in the Highlands, where he pulled off a grand coup, his Cockney *aplomb* unshaken.

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"BOOM" PRICES FOR OLD MASTERS: THE AUCTION-ROOM REVIVAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF MESSRS. CHRISTIE, MANSON AND WOODS.



A DUTCH MASTER'S WORK THAT RECENTLY ATTAINED THE HIGH PRICE OF £2625: "THE MUSIC LESSON," BY J. OCHTERVELDT (C. 1635-1700)—A PICTURE WHICH IN 1897 FETCHED ONLY £483 AND IN 1909, £892 10S.



A BIG INCREASE IN THE VALUE OF A VELASQUEZ: HIS "PORTRAIT OF MARIANA OF AUSTRIA, SECOND WIFE OF PHILIP IV. OF SPAIN," SOLD IN 1895 FOR £2415, WHICH HAS NOW BROUGHT £5880.



ONE OF A PAIR OF UNRECORDED RAEBURNS THAT REALISED SUMS FAR BEYOND EXPECTATION: HIS "PORTRAIT OF ANDREW BUCHANAN, ESQ., OF ARDENCONNEL" (1745-1835)—AN EXCEPTIONALLY FINE WORK WHICH HAS REALISED £2730.

High prices, indicating a return to the "boom" years of 1928-9 in the auction-room, were realised in the sale at Christie's on June 26 of pictures belonging to Sir Cuthbert Quilter, Bt., and other owners, which realised a total of £38,897, to which his collection alone contributed nearly £24,000. The previous auction price of almost all the more important pictures was exceeded, while newcomers well surpassed expectation. Among the Quilter pictures, besides the Velasquez and the Ochterveldt reproduced above, several others showed marked appreciation in value. Thus, four works by Constable aggregated £4567; the principal one, "The Edge of the Wood," bought in 1883 for £105, fetching £1470. Again,



THE COMPANION WORK TO THAT IN THE ADJOINING ILLUSTRATION: RAEURN'S "PORTRAIT OF MRS. JEAN BUCHANAN, DAUGHTER OF JAMES DENNISTOUN, ESQ., OF COLGRAIN, WIFE OF ANDREW BUCHANAN" (1751-1832), SOLD FOR £1995.

a painting by John Crome, bought in 1909 for 700 guineas, realised £1365. In the disposal of other properties following the Quilter collection several other notable prices were reached. Thus, two small works by W. van de Velde brought £2467 10s. The chief success, however, was that of the two portraits by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A., reproduced above, owned by the late Col. G. J. Fergusson-Buchanan. They realised £4725. As a rule, when portraits of man and wife appear together, that of the woman usually proves much more valuable, but here the position was reversed, as the "Andrew Buchanan" is one of the finest male portraits by Raeburn seen at auction for many years.

The World of the Theatre.

By IVOR BROWN.

OUT IN THE OPEN.

SOMEWHERE about midsummer (by the calendar) it becomes safe in England to assume that summer is arriving. Our season for Open Air Theatres is not a long one; to begin at the end of June and finish before August has gone is prudent. September nights are so dewy that, after a fine, hot day, it is unwise to sit long

Certain things are essential to the Open Air Theatre. Fine weather, of course, which none can guarantee. The sweetest of pleasures can easily be the sourlest and chilliest if the rain begins to patter on the leaves and seeps through on to the stage and auditorium. Next, a pleasant site; but in a country of fine parks and gardens there should be no trouble about this. Indeed, wherever I go in summer, I seem to be saying to myself: "What a perfect spot for a pastoral! There walked Malvolio, there Titania slept." Next, we must have a play that takes the air as to the breezes born. It is here that I join issue with Mr. Carroll and with all those who voted for "Henry VIII." as the opening piece for the new season in Regent's Park. To me it seems that tragedy and such sad personal history as that of Katharine are far less communicable in the Open Air Theatre than comedy. (The Greek stone-built, unroofed theatre with its conventions of the buskin, the mask, and of choral lamentation is quite different from our lawn - stages and leafy arenas.) I have never, at Regent's Park or elsewhere, felt myself deeply touched by sincere emotion in the Al-Fresco Theatre. On the other hand, I have been enchanted by fantasy and vastly entertained by comedy.

Mr. Carroll once said to me that he wished to do "Hamlet" in the Open Air Theatre, and I strongly counselled him not to attempt it. For the whole atmosphere of that play is of the gloomy, imprisoning castle, and how could a lawn and trees, especially at matinées, give any such feeling of battlements at night, stone-walls, and dark closets and corridors? The same argument applies, though less strongly, to "Henry VIII." which mainly demands the cruel and sensual atmosphere of Harry Tudor's Court. Wolsey intriguing in a modern garden may well suggest a famous advertisement; Buckingham going to his end across the serenity of bosky lawns

is all wrong; and Katharine's trial cannot properly occur on a stage more proper to the green and kindly thoughts that are found amid green and kindly shades.

No, I am for the fantasies and comedies and more especially for the masques. The Open Air Theatre has never done anything to approach its "Comus" and "Midsummer Night's Dream." And need we stick forever to the classics? If, as we all must surely hope, Mr. Carroll can establish any certainty of tenure in the Park, he might commission some of our contemporary poets and musicians to supply him with the masques and fantasies which express the beauty-hunger of our own period. In any case, let him avoid plays whose main appeal is in their portraiture of character, especially of character in suffering, or in bandying of argument. Such pieces might possibly be effective in a very small open-air arena where the actor's facial play and detail of distress would be visible to all. In the park the amplifiers make the sound available for all, but the hugeness of the arena puts the actors at such a vast remove from those in the cheapest seats that they cannot convey anything but the broadest effects. I have frequently left my stall for a while to look and listen from every distance and angle, and at the back what you get is not a sense of attendance at a play, but of spectatorship at a very pretty peep-show where midget puppets tread a decorative measure.

This raises the question of the proper size for an open-air theatre. The Open Air Theatre in Regent's Park has



"DON JUAN," MICHEL FOKINE'S NEW CHOREOGRAPHIC TRAGI-COMEDY AT THE ALHAMBRA: THE GITANA (MME. MARIE RUANOVA) DANCING TO DON JUAN (ANATOLE VILZAC; RIGHT) IN THE BANQUETING SCENE.

"Don Juan," the new ballet which had its world première at the Alhambra on June 25, is described as a choreographic trag-comedy after G. Angiolini. The new version to Gluck's music is by Eric Allatini and Michel Fokine, with décor by Mariano Andreu. The ballet roused such enthusiasm at the première that it was given twice on the following Saturday instead of figuring in the evening programme only.

beneath the stars; a certain dampness soon qualifies the pleasure. Of the pleasure of open-air theatricals, if they be wisely chosen and favoured by the weather, there can be no doubt. Music coming through trees and over grass seems to acquire an added fascination. At the New Theatre, in Tchekov's "The Seagull," a play about an open-air theatre, there is an amazingly beautiful moment when the party stops talking to listen to music coming over the lake. You can have that pleasure at first-hand in Regent's Park, where Mr. Carroll's quenchless enthusiasm and excellent pertinacity, backed by the shillings of the many, has restored the Open Air Theatre, which was one of the most charming reliefs of a summer night in town.

The Elizabethans themselves were especially conscious of the delights made available by masquing on riverside lawns and the strains of lutes and virginals coming over the water. Miss Enid Welsford in her excellent book on "The Court Masque" has quoted Lanham's account of the Queen standing on the bridge at Kenilworth while the musicians played on the barges afloat on the quiet stream—

"the hole armony conveyed in tyme, tune, and temper thus incomparably melodious; with what pleasure, Master Martyn, with what sharpnes of conceyt, with what lyvely delighte, this moought pears (pierce) into the heerers harts; I pray ye imagin yoorselv az ye may; for, so God judge me, by all the wit and cunning I have, I cannot express, I promis yow. . . . Muzik is a nobl art!"

It is the business of our Open Air Theatres to remind us of these sharp conceits and lively pleasures which pierce and thrill the heart. I say Open Air Theatres in the plural, because the Al-Fresco Drama is commonly practised. There is an Oxford Pastoral every summer now ("As You Like It" was exquisitely set in Magdalen Grove and had Miss Nova Pilbeam's Rosalind to add the starlight to the Arden moonshine); the famous Maddermarket Players of Norwich celebrated their twenty-fifth birthday by playing "The Shoemaker's Holiday" in a garden; there was "Twelfth Night" on the terrace-lawns of Richmond (what lovelier site?), and all over the country, wherever you give sombre borders to delicate lawns, the unpaid mummers have been cultivating the pleasures of the greenwood masquerade.



"HENRY VIII." AT THE OPEN AIR THEATRE: THE DYING QUEEN KATHARINE (PHYLLIS NEILSON-TERRY).

"Henry VIII." was chosen by popular vote as the first production of the season in the Open Air Theatre, and discussion has been aroused over its suitability for presentation out of doors. The death of Queen Katharine at Kimbolton is one of the scenes which seem to call for an interior.



"HENRY VIII." AT THE OPEN AIR THEATRE, REGENT'S PARK: CARDINAL WOLSEY (BALIOL HOLLOWAY), ANNE BOLEYN (VIVIAN LEIGH), AND THE KING (LYN HARDING) IN THE BANQUETING SCENE.

The pageant side of "Henry VIII." is stressed in the production in the Open Air Theatre, Regent's Park, as the scenes depicting Cardinal Wolsey's banquet and the Coronation are well suited to an outdoor setting.

been retained at its old size, which is, in my opinion, too large. How often, if ever, are these myriads of seats filled up? If left unfilled, especially in front, they have a chilly effect on all. I should like to see smaller and, if necessary, more economical productions played in a smaller but well-filled ring. The real and constant support of such a theatre comes from those paying less than five shillings; the half-guinea folk may turn out now and again to see a much-discussed show. But that does not make or save a theatre; what saves it are the regulars, and these regulars ought to be given seats well up in front instead of being kept, as most frequently happens, behind rows and rows of empty ones. If there were a smaller auditorium the cheap-seat people would be much better off, and we could do away altogether with the mechanical amplifying of sound, which is cruel to poetry and music. If the players were trained to speak up and the auditorium were lessened, I believe that we could have even lovelier results and that the dramatic effects would not be so much limited, as they are at present, to purely spectacular matters. However, I suppose that Mr. Carroll has had all this put to him before in conversation, and has his answers ready. Meanwhile, all over the country, the players have gone to grass. May the sky be kind above them!

*Sunshine
Beauty
and Adventure
in
**SOUTH
AFRICA***



The famous Marine Drive which encircles the Cape Peninsula has no equal throughout the World. For a hundred miles this wonderful road winds through magnificent scenery, now skirting the blue waters of the ocean, now rising to the heights, with surf-drenched boulders hundreds of feet below.

IF you are tired of the usual holiday haunts, if you feel an urge to "go places and do things," pack your trunks and go and see South Africa.

In the Kruger National Park—a wild game reserve of 8,000 square miles—the clang and clamour of civilisation are left far behind. It is something of an adventure surely to come upon a family of lions enjoying a siesta and to watch a score of other untamed animals from the safe shelter of your car.

The Victoria Falls provide a thrill of a different kind—awe-inspiring perhaps, but majestic and wonderful, as the waters plunge at the rate of 100,000,000 gallons per minute into the steaming cauldron far below.

Threaded between these "adventures in beauty" are strung your meetings with the Natives "in their own back-yards," so to speak. You will find them a happy, sunny people, absurdly good-natured and ready to please; and the children are little black bundles of mischief that would steal anybody's heart.

A trip to South Africa occupies but six to eight weeks and need not cost more than 30/- to 40/- a day for all ordinary requirements. This year, on account of the Empire Exhibition at Johannesburg, South Africa is particularly interesting, and substantial concessions in fares have been made.

The South African Railways, South Africa House, Trafalgar Square, W.C.2, will be glad to send full particulars and give practical assistance.



SOUTH AFRICA



THE first thing that attracts the eye in any object, whether a small box or St. Peter's at Rome, is its form—the first thing, and also the last; for if the proportions are ungainly, we take away with us an impression which is quite definitely unpleasing. But there is a middle quality, as it were, which also plays its part in our judgment, and that is the sheer workmanship employed in the insignificant details of whatever it is we are examining. I am not referring to details of decoration alone, though these, too, have their charm; but rather to the actual working parts, strictly practical bits of good craftsmanship, such as the exact fitting of doors in a house or the smooth sliding of drawers in a bureau. No one who has struggled with a badly-made chest of drawers in an hotel will fail to realise that furniture is not good furniture unless the unseen parts are as well made as the exterior, and that a first-class cabinet-maker expends almost as much care over the inside as over externals.

Here are a few eighteenth-century pieces from the current exhibition of English furniture at the



FIG. 2. "WORKMANSHIP WORTHY OF AN ARCHANGEL": A SHERATON SATINWOOD TABLE WITH BOOK-SHELF AND DRAWERS (ONE FITTED WITH AN ADJUSTABLE READING-RACK), THE WHOLE SURMOUNTED BY A HANDLE. (23 IN. BY 11 IN. BY 48 IN. HIGH.)

galleries of Frank Partridge and Sons, Ltd., which illustrate pretty well these particular standards of excellence. One often hears people deplored the fact that we live in a machine age, but stand with those self-same people by the side of a railway-engine and they will be completely fascinated by the drive of the pistons. The fun to be obtained from the study of fine furniture derives in part, at least, from this schoolboy interest in watching wheels go round, particularly when one is faced by some of the late eighteenth-century smaller pieces, in which the cabinet-maker has been given free scope for his ingenuity. What more satisfying than the little medicine-chest (or make-up box) of Fig. 1, shown open? When shut it is a simple cube, inlaid with bandings of various woods; to open it is almost as thrilling as lifting up the bonnet of a motor-car and seeing for oneself how neatly the contents are packed away. The two front sections swing outwards, giving access to the interior, and beneath these series of small receptacles for bottles and whatnot is a drawer, invisible until these two sections are opened.

Secret hiding-places are sometimes extremely ingenious—and sometimes doubly efficient in being so simple that only simpletons would look for them.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

ENGLISH EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY FURNITURE: GEMS OF INGENUITY AND CRAFTSMANSHIP.

By FRANK DAVIS.

I doubt whether a really first-class thief would bother to investigate very thoroughly the Chippendale tea-caddy of Fig. 4: he would waste half the night in breaking open safes by oxy-acetylene and forcing

For the real thing, I venture to commend the marvellous little piece of boudoir nonsense shown in Fig. 2: a rich, mellow golden tone and workmanship worthy of an archangel. The drawers slide in and out with the smooth efficiency of a Rolls-Royce engine. One pulls out the lower centre drawer, and behold, an adjustable reading-rack; smaller ones on each side contain pen-tray and ink-wells. All have bone knobs and are lined with cedar.

Finally there is Fig. 3, an early eighteenth-century walnut commode. One is tempted to use the word "unique" in regard to this piece, were it not for the possibility that as soon as this note appeared in print I should find myself confronted with another exactly similar. (The older one grows, the more cautious.) Anyway, here is something presumably made in the reign of Queen Anne, covered with beautiful walnut veneers and very soberly decorated by plain banding, very solid and practical, which anticipates by two centuries, not the practice, but some of the ideals, of the modern cabinet-maker—an arrangement of rectangles, finely proportioned, and set off not by applied decoration, but by the natural grain of a singularly beautiful wood.

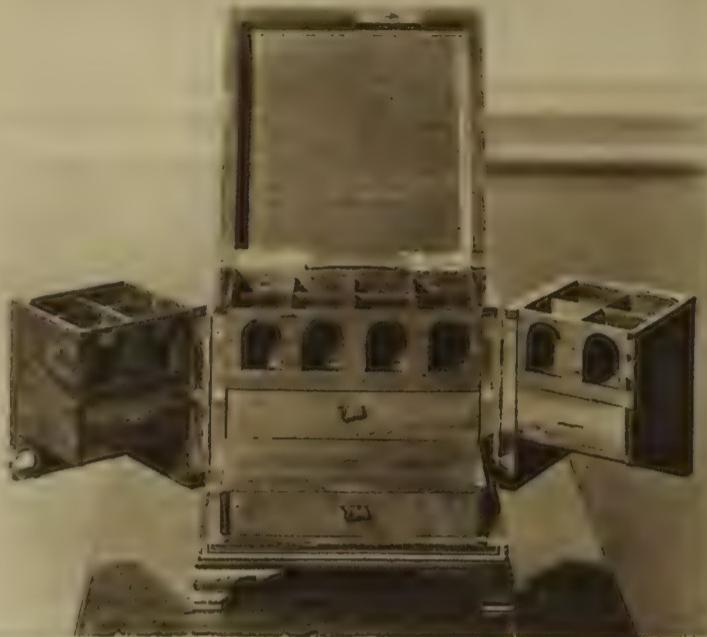


FIG. 1. ALMOST AS THRILLING TO OPEN AS THE BONNET OF A MOTOR-CAR: A SQUARE SHERATON MEDICINE-CHEST (OR MAKE-UP BOX) INLAID WITH BANDINGS OF VARIED WOODS—SHOWING THE COMPLICATED INTERIOR. (SIZE, 6½ IN. BY 6½ IN. HEIGHT, 7½ IN.)

All Illustrations on this Page by Courtesy of Frank Partridge and Sons, Ltd., 26, King St., S.W.1

expensively intricate locks after lifting the lids of the two boxes contained in this mahogany coffer. If he were not so thoroughly trained in the most scientific burglary methods, he would, by lifting out the two tea-boxes, and not merely their lids, find beneath a shallow compartment in which might be the family emeralds. I can't show the inside of this coffer very well in a photograph; enough that its workmanship is as distinguished as the exterior. Date of this: about 1760, or a decade earlier; Fig. 1, twenty-five years later. These things generally have three receptacles inside: one of glass for sugar, the two others of wood for green and ordinary tea respectively. Some very noble examples in silver have appeared on this page on several occasions.

Satinwood, I am informed, is not everyone's taste nowadays, possibly because modern imitations are of such an abominable colour.



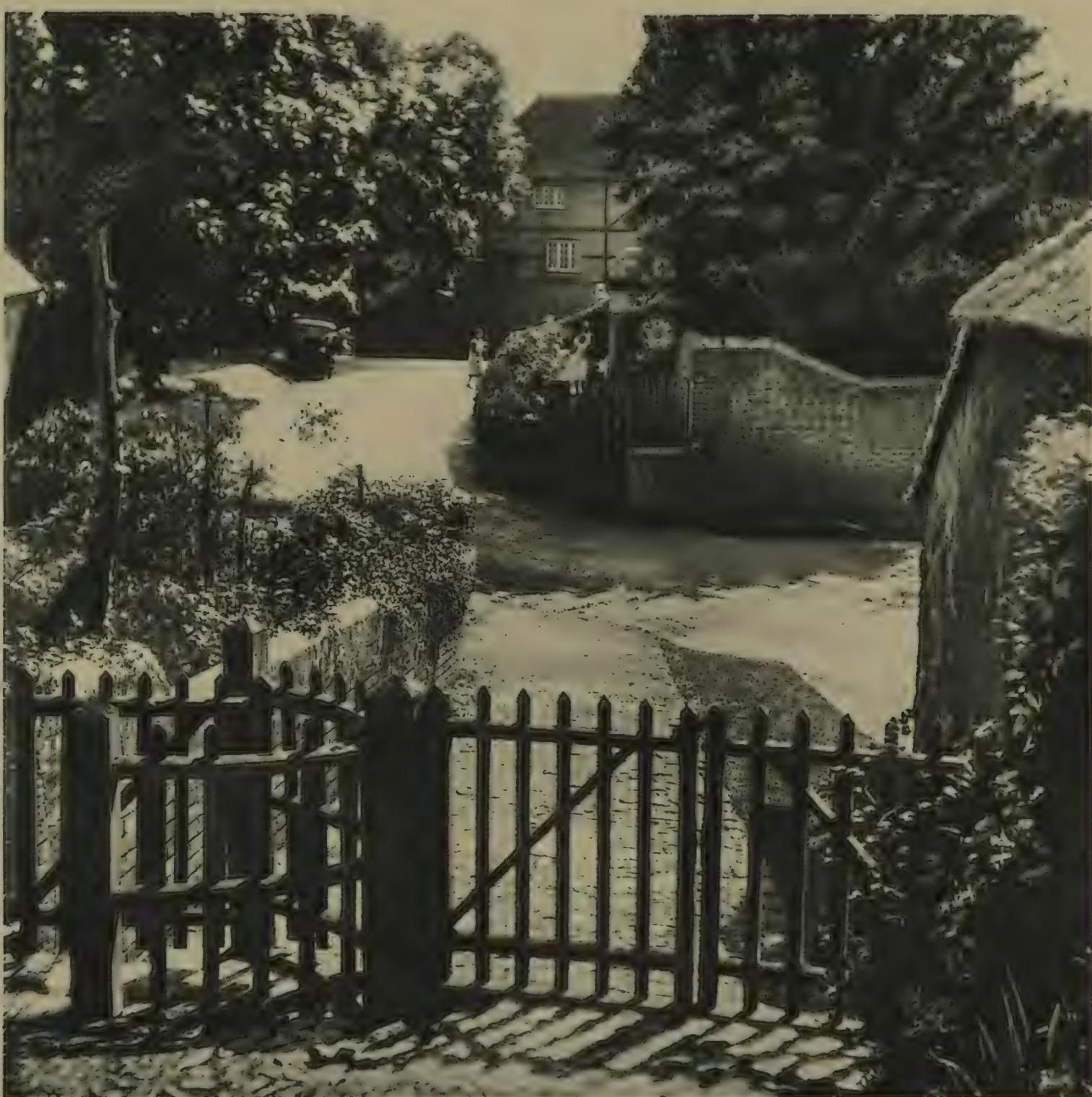
FIG. 3. AN ANTICIPATION OF THE MODERN CABINET-MAKER'S RECTANGULAR IDEALS, WITH NATURAL GRAIN AS DECORATION: AN EARLY EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY QUEEN ANNE WALNUT COMMODE COVERED WITH BEAUTIFULLY GRAINED VENEERS AND AN INTERESTING ARRANGEMENT OF BANDING. (35½ IN. WIDE BY 40½ IN. HIGH AND 20 IN. DEEP.)



FIG. 4. CONTAINING A SECRET HIDING-PLACE THAT MIGHT CONCEAL THE FAMILY JEWELS: A CHIPPENDALE MAHOGANY CADDY. (11 IN. BY 7 IN. BY 7 IN. HIGH.) The shaped lid is lined inside with patterned velvet. The interior is fitted with two caddies and underneath is a secret compartment.

Comparatively unimportant pieces have been chosen to illustrate this notice. Lest the reader should imagine that the exhibition consists entirely of such things, however choice of their kind, here is a brief mention of one or two items which are definitely in the grand manner. For example, a large Sheraton satinwood bookcase, decorated with painted festoons of flowers, in which the finely figured wood is exactly suited to the scale of the painting; and a Queen Anne lacquer coffer, with a barrel-shaped top on a carved pinewood stand. The mahogany exhibits range from an elaborately carved Chippendale pedestal of the 1750's to a couple of four-chair-back-settees, with the backs pierced and carved with leaf ornament, open scrolled arms, serpentine shaped fronts, and slender cabriole legs. There is also a monumental wine-cooler of mahogany on four straight, moulded feet, by Robert Adam out of Italian Renaissance; as fine an adaptation of the classical spirit to the practical uses of the English eighteenth century as it is possible to imagine: yet one more proof, if proof were required, of this extraordinary man's capacity to translate the solid achievements of the distant past into what was, in his time, the last word in modernity.

This England . . .



Thakeham Village, Sussex

TO USE the phrase "Hearts of Oak" in these times of flux and ferro-concrete is to raise a smile. Yet in any English village to-day you may find adze-trimmed oaken beams on which to break a hacksaw. And the English character is like oak—a slow winning to a grand maturity. So, too, it is with such good English beer as Worthington . . . slowly and naturally brought to great "heart." A drink for men, this Worthington . . .

FINANCE AND INVESTMENT.

By HARTLEY WITHERS.

THE PROBLEM OF GOLD SHARES.

TIME was when the chief difficulty about assessing the probable value of gold-mining shares was the uncertainty connected with an industry which conducted its operations underground, digging up a metal distributed according to the caprices of Nature in formations that could only be guessed at by intelligent engineers. Another disturbing factor was introduced by this highly speculative nature of the enterprise—namely, the tendency of many of those who were at one time engaged in it to palm off worthless properties on a gullible public. To a certain extent these uncertainties have been eliminated by the progress of science, and, above all, by the discovery of the Rand gold-field, where the enormous scale of the operations and the regularity with which the geological formations can be traced have made gold-mining a much less speculative enterprise than many which depend for prosperity on the moods and fashions of a flighty public. In other parts of the world, of course, there is still plenty of chance that a promising reef may peter out after it has served its purpose of bringing the public in and letting the promoters out; but in this, as in all other matters connected with investment, the public is in these times far less easily persuaded to buy gold bricks than it used to be; and gold-mining propositions have to be much more carefully examined and more authoritatively vouched for than the processions of wild cats which at one time were able to assist in the redistribution of wealth. But if science and education have robbed gold-mining of some of the uncertainties involved by underground work and fraudulent promotions, a new element of risk has come into

the picture. In the days when the gold standard was a reality, backed by the support of all the leading nations, there was, at least, no doubt about the price that would be fetched by any gold that the mines could produce. Now, possible fluctuations in the price of gold are a matter that has to be considered by everyone who contemplates a purchase of gold shares.

In old times, when we had a real gold standard and a circulation of



handsome, comfortable gold coins, the price of gold was simply an expression of the number of these coins into which gold could be cut up. In those days anyone who brought gold to the Bank

of England was credited in its books with a sum equal to £3 17s. 9d. for every ounce of gold in the parcel delivered; and this credit gave him the right to take away this sum in sovereigns. So that what the seller of the gold did was to sell it, in bars or foreign coin, for its equivalent in British coins. This fact that gold was priced in gold made many people believe that its value was as immutable as its price; whereas in fact the value of gold, as measured by its purchasing power over other commodities, was liable to very considerable fluctuations, which happened whenever there was a general rise or fall in the general level of commodity prices. And this possibility of fluctuation in the purchasing value of gold is a problem that concerns shareholders in gold-mines almost as much as its price when exchanged into other forms of money.

When the war came we were still nominally on the gold standard, but, in fact, we had gone over to paper; and, because we were still supposed to be on the gold standard, many people believed that there could not be any change in the value of our money; and when the price of commodities rose owing to the free use of the printing-press by the Government, it was for a long time difficult to make the public—not to mention Parliament and its leaders—believe that pounds had been made too plentiful by the inflationary methods of our

[Continued overleaf.]



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM (JUNE 25—JULY 1): THE VAN VIANEN DISH. (DUTCH; SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.)

Doubtless, the primary purpose of this silver dish was ornamental, although Dutch pictures not infrequently show dishes of similar form laden with fruit. At any rate, the plaque embossed with the Judgment of Solomon shows very little wear after more than three hundred years. The maker was van Vianen, of Utrecht, a member of one of the most eminent of all families of goldsmiths. On its knob and foot are masks characteristic of the curious fish motifs evolved by the elder Adam van Vianen (d. 1627), which, through the instrumentality of his son Christian, became popular far beyond the borders of Holland. The dish is generally supposed to be the work of Adam himself and to bear the Utrecht date-letter for 1612. The late Dr. Marc Rosenberg came to the conclusion, however, that the date-letter belonged to the next sequence and stood for 1634, and that the piece was therefore the work of Christian, who inherited his father's mark. The general appearance of the piece perhaps favours the earlier date and the authorship of Adam, rather than that of his son, who spent a number of years in this country in the service of Charles I. and afterwards Charles II.

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A well-known motoring correspondent has stated-

"Many motorists tell me they are using Duckham's Tablets.

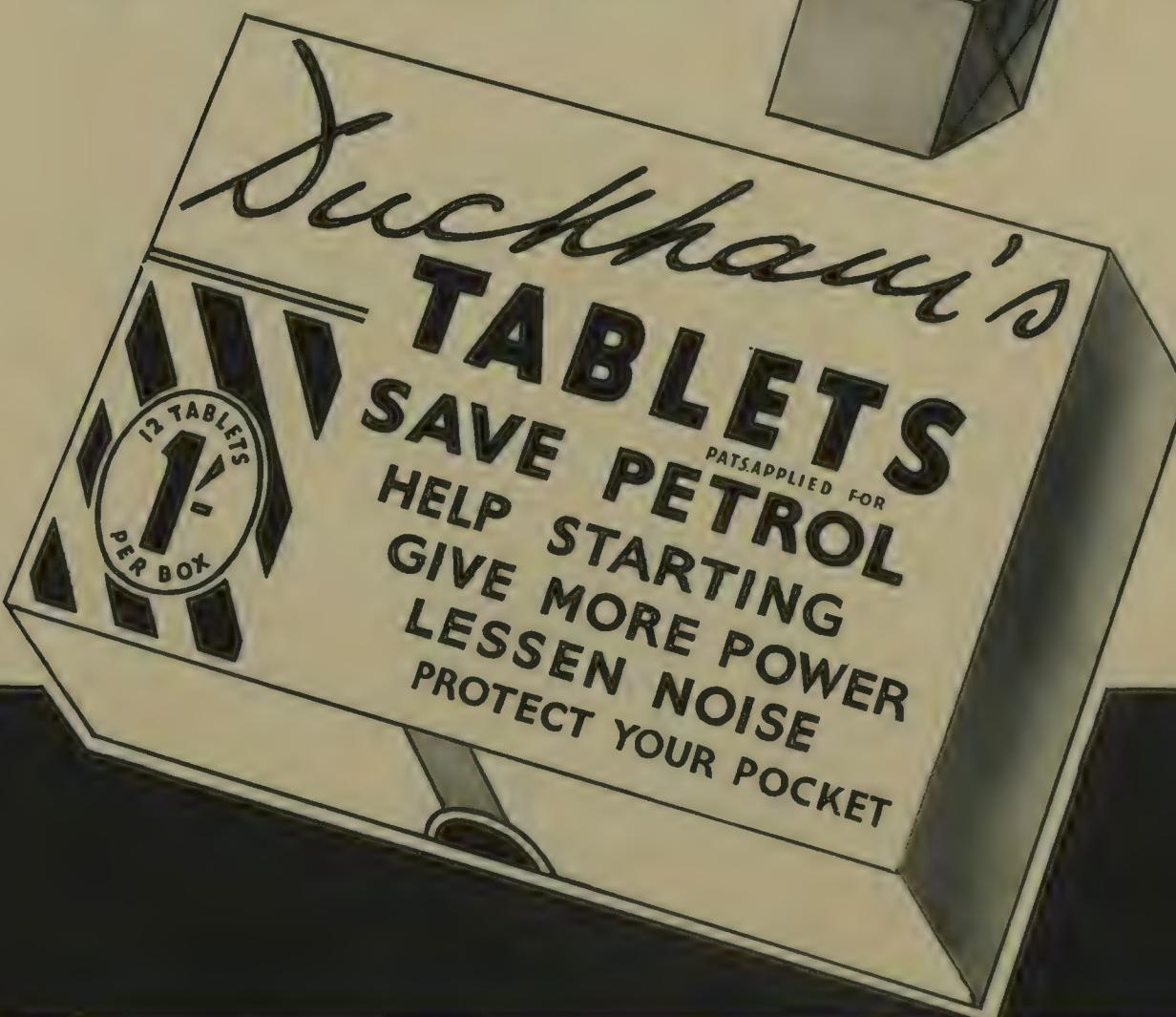
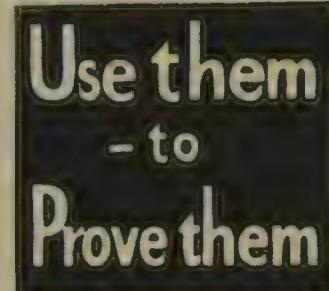
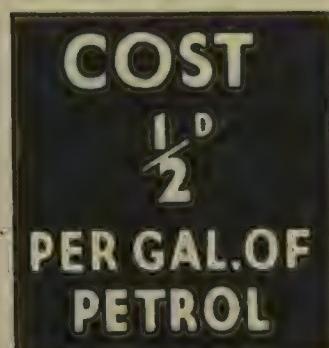
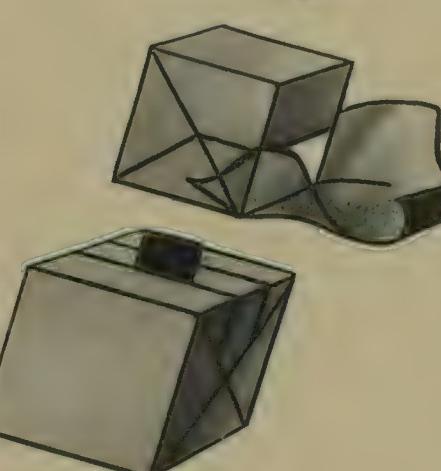
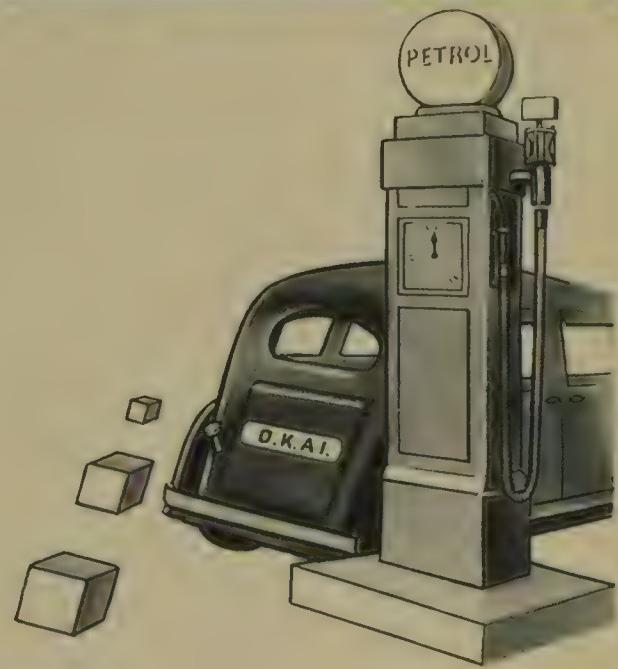
. . . By spending one penny (the cost of a Tablet) per 2 gallons of petrol, the engine develops 28 per cent. more power.

. . . In terms of distance, if you use 4 gallons of petrol for a normal 100 miles, by adding 2 Tablets you cover an extra 28 miles at the cost of 2d.—this makes a saving of 25 per cent.

. . . These Tablets contain corrosion inhibitor, which prevents 'rust' forming in the upper part of the engine's cylinders.

. . . If the petrol saving is negligible, their use is worth while, as they increase 'life,' the period of overhauling, by 25 per cent."

(In the "Veteran Motorists' Journal.")



Continued.]

war finance. When, after the war, we succeeded in struggling back on to the gold standard—much too soon, as all the wise men tell us now and some of them said then—it was not restored to the extent of giving us gold coins to handle, but only by permitting us to exchange paper pounds for gold in large amounts—a minimum of about £1700—for purposes of foreign payments. But the old statutory price was restored, which, after allowing for the small amount of alloy in the sovereign, was equivalent to just under 85s. per ounce for gold of standard fineness in the bullion market.

GOLD INTO PAPER.

Then when we were forced off the gold standard the British pound was free to cure itself of the over-valuation which had been inflicted on it by our return to gold at the old statutory price. We had screwed the pound up till it could "look the dollar in the face" by being exchanged into dollars at the old pre-war rate of 4.86 odd dollars to the pound. This rate was too high in view of the high cost of production in this country—an American who could manufacture boots at a cost of 4 dollars, and sell them here for a pound, and turn his pound into nearly five dollars, could evidently compete very successfully with the British manufacturer, who could only produce boots at a cost of a pound. So, by this over-valuation of the pound, our trade at home and in neutral markets was hampered by foreign competition.

Accordingly, the pound settled down to a depreciation sufficient to restore our competitive power, and has lately been fairly steady at a level which indicates a depreciation of about 40 per cent. when measured in gold, which means that gold, when priced in our depreciated pounds, is worth not 85s. per standard ounce, but about 140s. And, as we all know, the Americans, believing that we have secured a great advantage in trade by the depreciation of the pound, have followed our lead and have deliberately, and without being subjected to any of the forces that

obliged us to do so, depreciated their money to a similar extent, making the price of gold in dollars 35 dollars per ounce. The exchange value of the dollar has lately been in the neighbourhood of 5 to the pound; and on this basis the London price of gold at about 140s. per ounce appears to be stabilised as long as the American Government adheres to its price for gold and the dollar exchange remains at about this level, though technical considerations, too intricate to be considered here, may cause temporary fluctuations.

probability, most people would say—of devaluation of their currencies by all the few countries that still remain, actually or ostensibly, on the gold standard. As to the future price of gold there is thus much uncertainty, and I have heard it argued by a distinguished currency expert that it is likely to be brought back to its old level of 85s. to the ounce. With all respect to this authority, however, it seems much more likely that the price will remain at about its present level or may even rise higher. The path of history is strewn with examples of Governments which have depreciated their moneys; but there have been very few of those which have worked in the opposite direction, except when depreciation has gone far enough to produce chaos, which ought not to happen here now in view of all that has lately been learnt about currency management.

If, then, holders of gold shares can feel fairly secure against lowering of the price of their product, they still have to consider the possibility of a fall in its purchasing power owing to a rise in general commodity values due to the enormous increase in the supply of gold which the recent rise in price has already caused and promises to cause in future. Obviously, if this rise in commodity prices happens, dividends from gold shares will have smaller purchasing power; but this disadvantage they will share with all other forms of interest and dividend payments. A more important point is the effect of such a rise on working costs. With rising prices of goods,

rising wages will be necessary, and all the machinery and material used in gold-mining will be more costly. Against these possibilities, holders of gold shares can set others favourable to themselves—the expected rise in commodity prices may be slight in view of the immense capacity now available for the production of all kinds of goods; and mining practice may be able, by improvements in technique, to compensate for any higher costs that may be incurred.



THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM (JULY 2-8):
AN OAK COFFER DATING FROM ABOUT 1400.

In this small coffer, which dates from about 1400, the front is carved with a spirited representation of two knights jousting in a landscape with conventional trees at either end. They wear helmets and their legs are protected by long tilting-saddles, incised with their armorial bearings, which are also displayed on their surcoats and shields. The horses are unprotected except for chamfrons on their heads. In style and composition, this panel closely resembles a well-known "tilting" coffer in Harty Church, Isle of Sheppey, but in that instance the knights are attended by squires, and the front is flanked by stiles carved with figures under Gothic canopies. This coffer formed part of the Peyre Collection, and a contemporary French lock-plate has been let into the shaped matrix of the original lock. M. Peyre is known to have obtained some of his works of art in England, and the broad and summary treatment of these jousting knights suggests the possibility that the coffer is of English origin.

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THE NEW GOLD PROBLEM.

This, then, is the new factor which shareholders in gold-mines have to consider—that its price, instead of being fixed as it was believed to be fixed under the old gold standard, has now become a weapon in the hands of Governments who may vary it to secure such trade advantages as are supposed to follow from the depreciation of a country's money. The matter is further complicated by the possibility—

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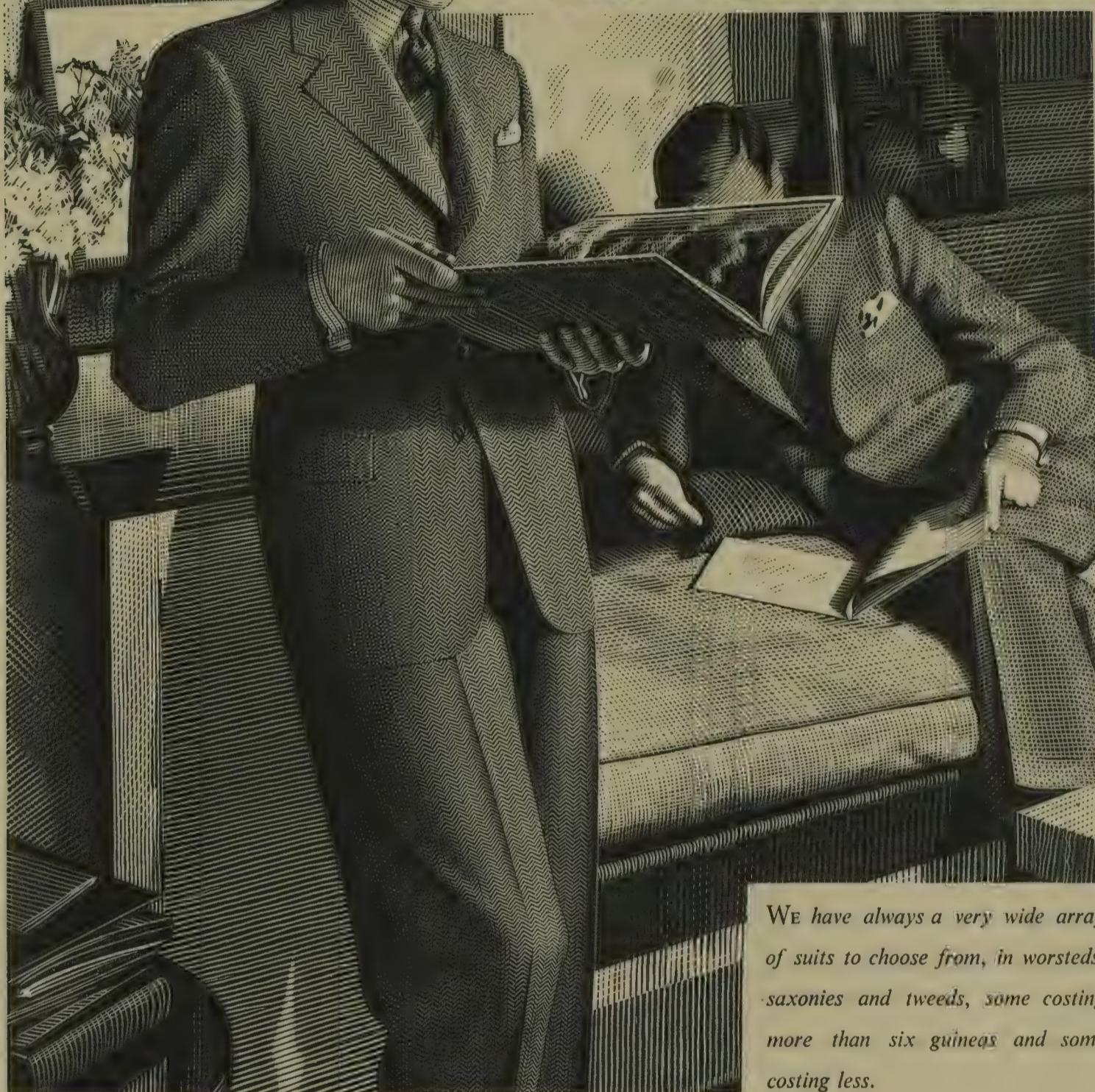


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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

HASTINGS has taken a lead in solving the car-parking problem by the construction, beneath the promenade, of parking accommodation which will, when completely finished, provide room for



RECIPIENT OF AN HONORARY DEGREE AT OXFORD: HIS EMINENCE THE MOST REVEREND CARDINAL SERÉDI WITH THE DAIMLER CHOSEN FOR HIS USE DURING HIS STAY IN THIS COUNTRY.

His Eminence the Most Reverend Cardinal Serédi, Primate of Hungary and Archbishop of Esztergom, was among those distinguished people who had Honorary Degrees conferred on them at Oxford last week. He was made a Doctor of Civil Law.

about 1200 vehicles. One cannot help marvelling that it should have been left to a comparatively small place like Hastings to pioneer the idea as a practical proposition. Some years ago the A.A. prepared designs for a park under Leicester Square, and at one time it seemed possible that its construction would be proceeded with; but, between opposition from the authorities and from other interests, the project fell through and no more has been heard of it.

I see that Sir Malcolm Campbell has raised the matter on a rather wider issue. Writing in one of the Sunday papers, he points out that nothing concrete

has yet been done by way of providing the population of London with bomb-proof shelters in case of invasion by air. Briefly, he suggests that the 400-odd squares in London should be utilised to fulfil a dual purpose. It would be easy enough, he thinks, to construct underground parks of a bomb-proof character which could be utilised to accommodate cars until the need arose to use them as shelters against hostile aircraft. If that were done, he points out, not only would the population feel that the Government was actually doing something for its protection in time of need, but the provision of such parks would go a long way towards a solution of a problem that becomes more acute every day. There is no doubt that the want of adequate parking facilities is responsible for much of the traffic congestion, which is rapidly approaching a stage when locomotion in the London streets will become almost impossible, and we shall have reached the paradox that multiplication of rapid means of transport has defeated its own end and brought the machinery to a virtual standstill.

I believe there is more than a little in this idea of Sir Malcolm's. Technically, I should say there would be little difficulty in so constructing parks that they would be as near bomb-proof as anything of the kind can be. Of their enormous utility in solving the traffic problem, there is no room to doubt. But the really best feature of the idea seems to me to lie in the fact that to construct them would require a special Act of Parliament, giving power to the Government to override all and any objections raised by local authorities or others to the acquisition of the necessary right to use land under the squares, and to modify street

plans in order to give access to the parks. Of course, it would be a very costly affair; but the answer to this is that it would be a productive enterprise through the fees that would be charged to car-owners using the parks. It would probably not be exactly commercial in its returns, but, on the other hand, if air-raid shelters of any other kind are to be constructed, their cost would be all dead loss. I don't think we have heard the last of the proposal. Whether it will actually result in anything definite is, perhaps, another matter.

Not so very long ago, the motor trade was complaining that the market for used cars had gone practically dead. Now, I am told, it is having a boom period. Undoubtedly this is due to a growing appreciation of the methods employed by reputable dealers to ensure the elimination of all cars below a standard worthy of expert overhaul and reconditioning. It was not always so, and I ascribe the improvement in the trade to the fact that these methods have recently been

(Continued overleaf.)



THE EXAMINERS: MR. LLOYD GEORGE AND MR. RICHARD BURBIDGE, MANAGING DIRECTOR OF HARRODS, JUDGING THE EIGHTH HARRODS HANDWRITING TEST FOR BRITISH SCHOOLBOYS AND SCHOOLGIRLS.

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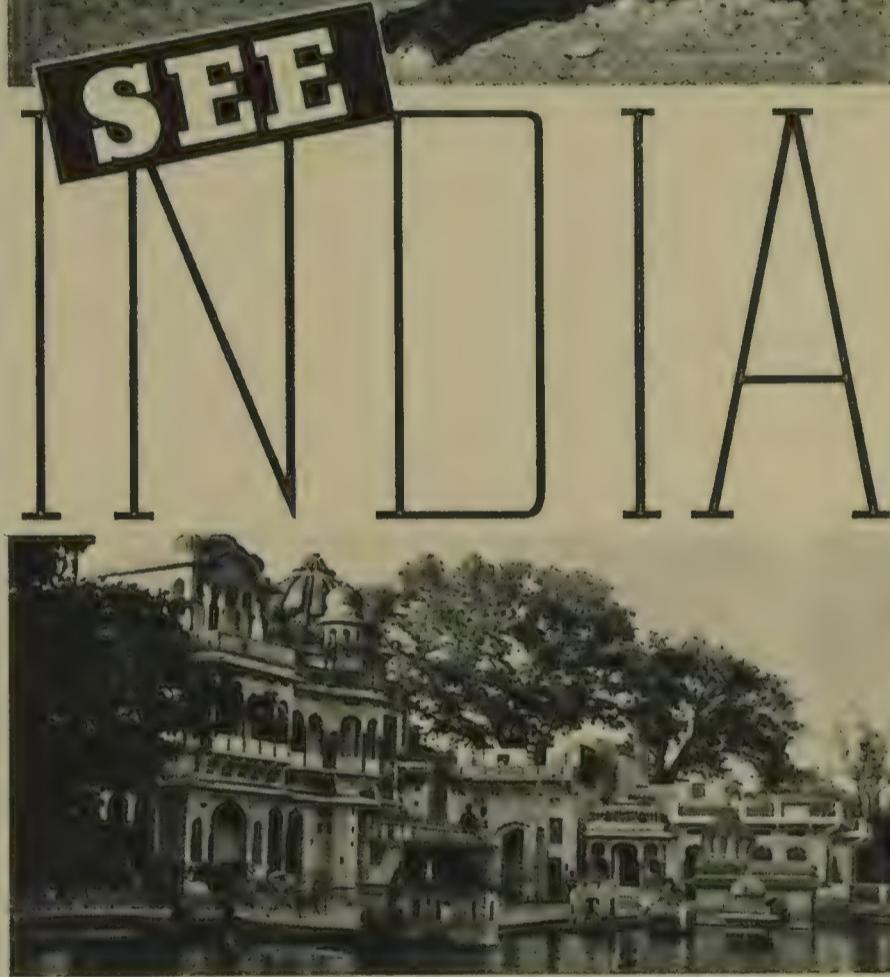
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[Continued.]

made known through a widespread publicity campaign. I am often asked for advice on car purchase, and one of the most common questions is: Where cost is a prime consideration, which is it better to do—buy a new car or a good used vehicle? Of course, where the amount of money available will run to a new vehicle, there is only one answer. But it often happens that the would-be purchaser finds himself in the position of not being able to afford the new car that will fulfil his requirements. He will obviously turn to the second-hand market, but hitherto he has had a good deal of misgiving. Can he be sure that the used car will be reliable and give good service? At one time it used to be alleged, in certain instances, that second-hand car dealing was worse than horse-dealing. That went a little too far, but not much. I could tell some curious stories of the way cars used to be faked for sale. To-day, it is just as safe to buy the second-hand car as the new, always provided one goes to a dealer of repute, who will give a guarantee with the vehicle very often for nearly as long a period as the original one given by the makers. Furthermore—and this is a great consideration in many cases—the second-hand car can be obtained on hire-purchase terms. Indeed, the whole transaction can be carried out on exactly the same lines as those obtaining in the case of the new vehicle.

No motorist should miss a book which will enormously increase the pleasures of intelligent and adventurous touring; namely, "Pictorial Britain. The Roads of Great Britain and Ireland, Showing the Principal Places of Interest." Designed by Alfred Taylor. Described by S. P. B. Mais. (Published by H. K. McCann Co., Ltd., 100, Jermyn Street, S.W.1, for the Anglo-American Oil Co. Ltd.; 8s. 6d.) This large quarto volume, with its wealth of illustration and conveniently tabulated information, is exceedingly cheap at the price. The illustrations comprise eight of Mr. Taylor's fascinating pictorial maps in colour, with twenty-five town-plans in similar style. Mr. Mais, the well-known travel writer and broadcaster, who supplies the letterpress, says of his collaborator's work: "I have seldom, if ever, seen a happier blending of the artist and wit in a cartographer." The book is divided into eight districts, including one on the islands around Britain, and is well indexed. The topographical notes on interesting places are conveniently arranged in alphabetical order in each section.

"THE NEW MONGOLIA."

(Continued from Page 16.)

of several storeys with rows of low Chinese log-huts crouching humbly behind it."

A land of ever-moving tents—for, with all the modernisation of the capital, the vast majority of the population remain nomadic, with both the primitiveness and the simple virtues of a pastoral community. A land where horse and bullock and camel seem able to accomplish as much as any modern "rapid traction": thus, Mr. Geleta met one comparatively young lama who was reputed to have made fifty-two journeys by bullock caravan from Uliasutai to Urga and back—a total distance of 75,000 miles. And no small part of this travel is over sheer wilderness; or through such all-devouring swampland as *Egin Daban*, "Devil's Pass," which Mr. Geleta describes as "one continuous nightmare"; or by precipitous mountain paths, in intense heat or bitter cold: with the perpetual threat of blizzards or sandstorms, which have strewn all the caravan routes with the bleaching bones of men and beasts. The conditions of life produce a hardy, long-suffering, and, on the whole, kindly and cheerful race, among whom Mr. Geleta found many valued friends and not a few protectors.

The book is rich in information, though of a desultory kind, about the customs of a strange and ill-understood people, which still regards Genghis Khan as its national hero. We are shown glimpses of Mongolia's complicated social ceremonial, its ritual of interminable bargaining, its superstitious medical lore, its burial rites (which, for the rank and file, consist simply in being devoured by scavenger dogs), its swift and nowadays reasonably humane justice, its ingenuous and extremely popular drama, and its curious domestic morality, which regards "unfaithfulness" in a spouse as no grievance whatever. And, naturally, in a country where Lamaism holds such powerful sway (though it is now systematically discredited by the Government), this privileged observer has much to tell of the religious life of Mongolia. Mr. Geleta visited a number of monasteries, and was even permitted, in one of them, to witness the performance of the "mysteries," which, he is convinced, produce in the celebrants a genuine power of prophecy. He saw many of the Buddhist festivals, in particular the great national Cam Festival, which is observed throughout Mongolia with every resource of priestly pomp and emotionalism. In this country, as in Tibet, Buddhist mysticism still contains considerable elements of the original Shamanism, and Mr. Geleta several times witnessed, and graphically describes, the dreadful ecstasies into which Shaman ascetics work themselves for the exorcism of evil spirits or for other superstitious rites. The various sects and manifestations of Lamaism, the hierarchy and the rule of life in the monasteries, are fully discussed.

The author's photographs, taken in many different parts of Mongolia, appropriately illustrate the varied subject-matter.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

(Continued from Page 18.)

seriously. Only one contributor, apparently, answers the initial question, and that is Mr. Havelock Ellis, who discusses it in his always stimulating way.

It looks as if each author had been asked to treat some particular branch of literary art. Thus Harold Nicolson gives us a valuable essay on his method in biography. Among the other writers partaking in the symposium may be mentioned Gertrude Atherton, Valentine Williams, and Rafael Sabatini. Interspersed are numerous aphorisms, epigrams, and quotations, including one from Anatole France beginning: "What is a book?" Here, by the way, the spelling of certain words in the English translation indicates an American finger in the pie. The quotation which appeals to me most, and has been duly emphasised in the proper quarter, is this pronouncement by Mr. Burton Rascoe: "What no wife of a writer can ever understand, no matter if she lives with him for twenty years, is that a writer is working when he is staring out of the window."

I still have in hand five kindred works which I had hopefully intended to tackle this week—namely, "THE ENGLISH NOVELISTS." A Survey of the Novel by Twenty Contemporary Novelists. Edited by Derek Verschoyle (Chatto and Windus; 8s. 6d.); "THE HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH NOVEL." Vol. 7. The Age of Dickens and Thackeray. By Ernest A. Baker, D.Lit. (Witherby; 16s.); "JOSEPH CONRAD." Some Aspects of the Art of the Novel. By Edward Crankshaw (Lane; 8s. 6d.); "EPITAPH ON GEORGE MOORE." By Charles Morgan, author of "Sparkenbroke." Illustrated (Macmillan; 5s.); and "THE LESS FAMILIAR KIPLING, AND KIPLINGIANA." By G. F. Monks- hood, author of "Rudyard Kipling: An Attempt at Appreciation." Third and Revised Edition. Illustrated (Jarrold; 7s. 6d.). I hate having to conclude with a list, but the names attached to the above books will themselves, like John Gilpin, "carry weight." C. E. B.

The Metropolitan Police Imber Court Horse Show and Tournament is one of the best outdoor entertainments of the season, and is this year fixed for July 8 and 9. The programme includes open jumping each day, and the Novel Musical Ride by the Mounted Patrols and Motor Cycle Patrols which roused so much admiration when given at the recent International Horse Show at Olympia. On the opening day civil pomp will add to the other attractions, as the Lord Mayor and Sheriffs will arrive in state and drive round the Show Ring about 3.15. Other notable items on the programme are the Musical Chairs, the Potato Race (bareback), the Tent-peggings, and the Truncheon Competition. Tickets (6s. for Promenade and Lawn) are obtainable from New Scotland Yard, all Police Stations, the usual agencies, and at the gates. All proceeds are devoted to police philanthropic objects.

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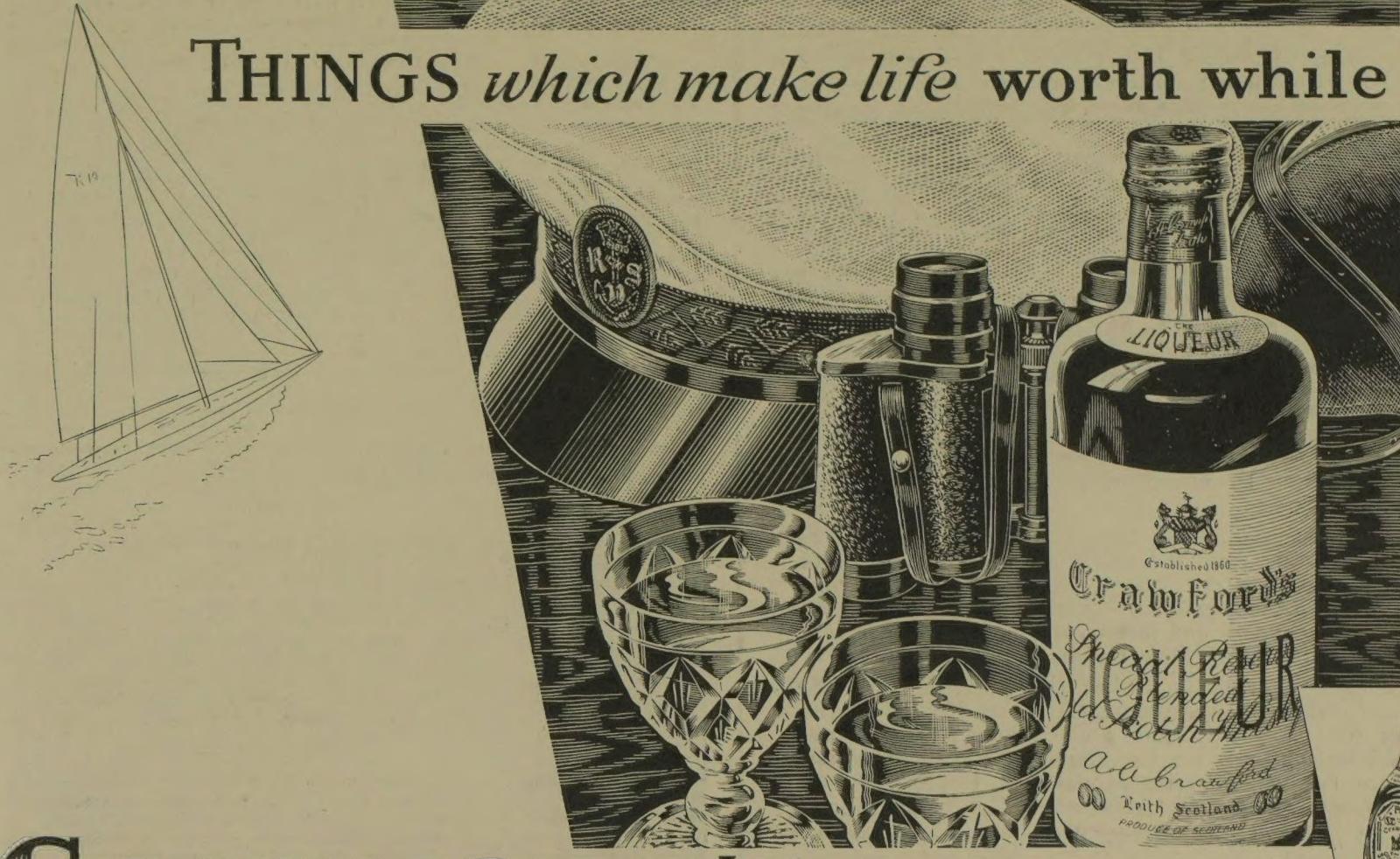
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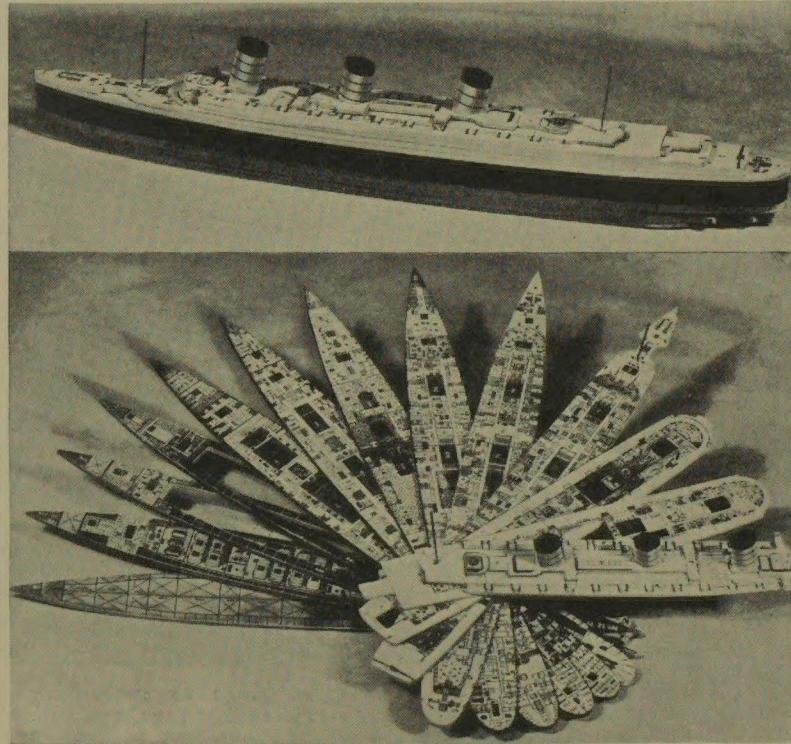
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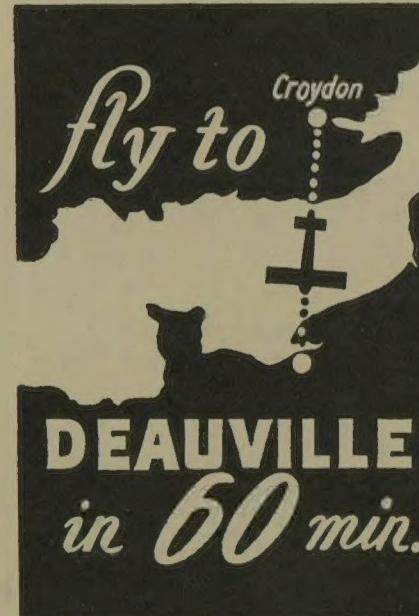


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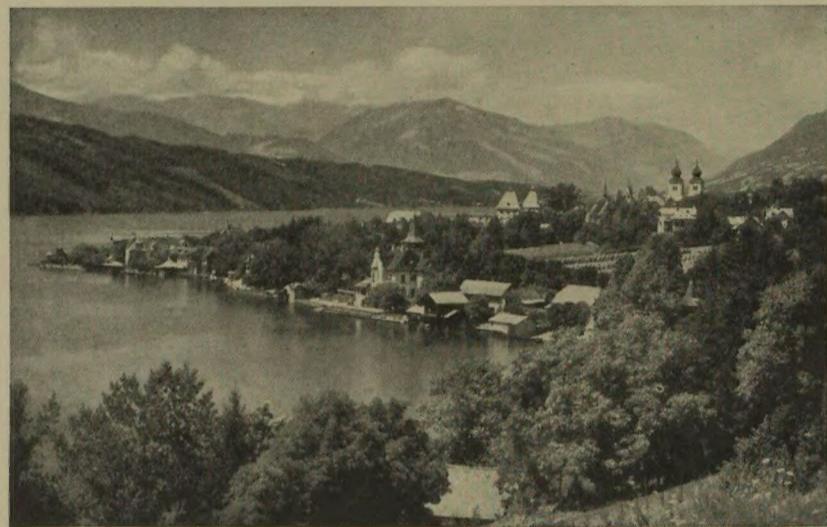
NOTES FROM A TRAVELLER'S LOG-BOOK.

BY EDWARD E. LONG, C.B.E. F.R.G.S.

THE LAKES OF AUSTRIA.

AMONGST the wild Alpine scenery of her mountains, Austria is fortunate in possessing a number of lakes which, for beauty of situation and natural charm, can bear favourable comparison with those of any land. True, they are not as well known in this country as the lakes of Italy and Switzerland, but there is no reason why they should not become as well known, and attract a large number of those English holiday-makers who wish to spend a holiday in some lakeside resort, with mountains close at hand. There are definite lake regions in Austria, such as those of the Salzkammergut and Carinthia, and there are isolated lakes such as the Achensee and the Plansee, in the Tyrol, and the Sellsee, in the district of Salzburg, and all of these lakes are definitely linked with holiday resorts where hotel accommodation is up to date and good, and provision for sport is well organised, so that the visitor to any one of them may be sure of finding delightful scenery, excellent climatic conditions, and all the other essentials which go to make a holiday a success.

Taking the lakes of the Tyrol first, the Achensee, the largest and loveliest, is set amidst the romantic grandeur of the Karwendel and Rohan mountains, a gem of colour, varying from turquoise to ultramarine. On its shores, between forested slopes, are almost level stretches of flower-spangled meadowland, and here are pretty villages and a small but charmingly laid-out holiday resort—Pertisau, an ideal spot for the



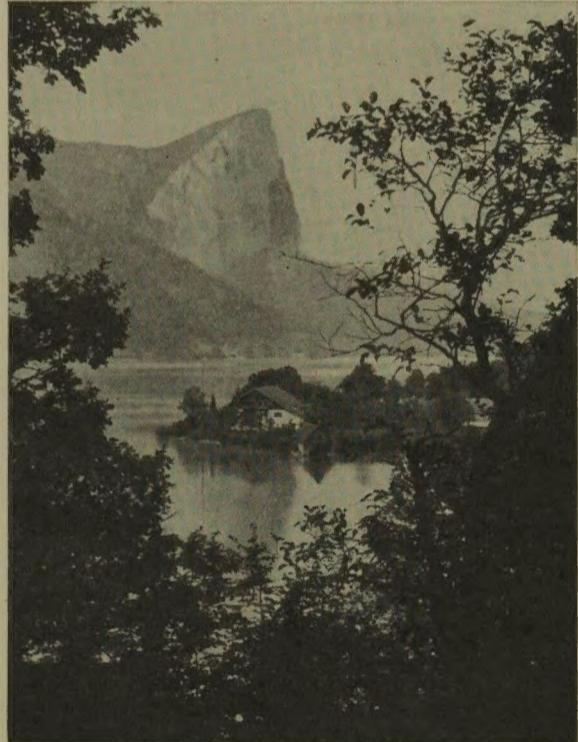
MILLSTATT: A LAKESIDE RESORT ON THE MILLSTÄTTERSEE, IN THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE REGION OF CARINTHIA.—[Photograph by the Österreichische Verkehrswerbung.]

lake and the Karwendel mountains, with golf, tennis, boating, fishing, and bathing, and easily reached from Jenbach, on the main line through the Tyrol, from which there is a rack railway to Seespitz. The Plansee, ringed round with lofty mountains, has a wild grandeur and the advantage of being close to the Bavarian frontier, and is, therefore, a good centre for excursions to Garmisch-Partenkirchen and the Zugspitze, also the royal castles of Neuschwanstein and Hohenschwangau. Plansee, its resort of the same name, is fairly close to a railway station—Reutte, and is just the place for a quiet and restful holiday. The Zellersee is on the main line from Innsbruck to Salzburg, amidst pine-woods and with a view of snowy mountain-peaks and glaciers, whilst it has a charming old-world town, Zell am See, with up-to-date facilities for sport, as its holiday centre. Much of the lovely scenery of the Province of Salzburg can be seen from Zell am See, whilst a cable railway up the Schmittenhöhe gives access to a point from which there is a fine view of the Hohe Tauern range.

The principal lakes of the Salzkammergut region of Upper Austria are the Attersee, the Traunsee, the Mondsee, the Wolfgangsee, and the Hallstättersee and the Grundlsee, all of which are very lovely, in the midst of scenery which is considered to be some of the finest in Austria, and a great attraction of which is the Dachstein, with its glittering fields of ice and snow. On the Attersee, the largest of the group, is Kammer, which has a panoramic view of the lake, fine walks, and a lakeside promenade. The Traunsee has a charming lakeside resort in Gmunden, with its beach of silver sand, and from which one can go by funicular up the Feuerkogel, over 5000 ft. up, in 15 minutes, where there are wonderful views and delightful walks — among the Höllengebirge.

Mondsee is a pretty resort on the lake of that name, with historic buildings, a handsome esplanade, and opportunities for excursions to the Drachenwand; the Wolfgangsee has St. Gilgen, an up-to-date little resort; and on the Hallstättersee, with the beauty of a Norwegian fjord, is Hallstatt. All these places are near Salzburg and Bad Ischl.

Then there is the lakeland of Carinthia, where, nestling among the thickly-forested slopes and snowy peaks and ice-fields of the Hohe Tauern, now approached by the new road over the Gross Glockner, lie many lovely lakes. The largest are the Wörthersee, the Millstättersee, the Ossiachersee, and the Weissensee. Historic Klagenfurt, Carinthia's capital, with Krumendorf, its lake resort, has a host of attractions for a holiday on the Wörthersee, and on that lake, too, are other delightful places. On the Millstättersee is Millstatt, a modern lakeside resort, with a fine bathing-beach.



IN THE SALZKAMMERGUT REGION OF UPPER AUSTRIA: TYPICAL SCENERY ON THAT LOVELY LAKE, THE MONDSEE.
Photograph by the Österreichische Verkehrswerbung.

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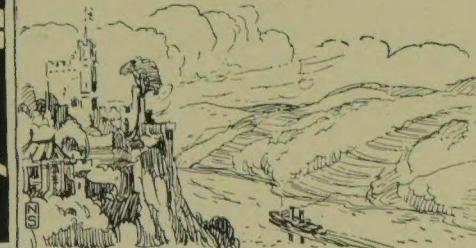
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